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NIXON'S LAST LAUGH

Arthur S. Miller

OILY FINGERS ON THE ATOM

Richard L. Grossman

THE SOUTH KOREAN TRAP

James Stentzel

Bicentennial Reflections (Part II) Emile Capouya

LETTERS

verbal tricks

New York City

Stephen Gillers's otherwise excellent analysis of S.1 "Blueprint for Tyranny: Congress Overhauls the Laws" [*The Nation*, Feb. 14] omits reference to two S.1-proposed changes in the Hobbs Act which would effectively cripple the ordinary functioning of labor unions in this country. One of these changes is skillfully concealed and its exposure requires some background; the other is generally overlooked in discussions of S.1. . . .

The Hobbs Act, passed in 1937 and aimed at labor extortionists, provides for up to twenty years' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine for the "wrongful" use of force to obtain property from one engaged in interstate commerce. Prior to 1971 there were many prosecutions resulting in convictions under this Act for the use or threat of violence to extort payoffs from employers or to require them to pay for unwanted and unnecessary services.

In 1971, however, the administration undertook to extend the application of the Act to cases where any violence was used to achieve a concededly lawful objective: e.g., higher wages, claiming that "wrongful" applied to the means and not the objective and that any violence was wrongful. It accordingly indicted several officers of an electrical workers' union in Louisiana and, a year later, officials and rank-and-file members of a fur and leather workers' union in Brooklyn on a charge that they had conspired to use violence during the course of a lawful strike to obtain higher wages.

In 1973, the Supreme Court, by a 5-to-4 majority, held that the legislative history of the Act showed that "wrongful" was intended to apply to the objective of the violence and not to the means, and that since higher wages was a lawful objective, any incidental violence was a matter for the states, and not for the federal government. Mr. Justice Stewart wrote that "[n]either the language of the Hobbs Act nor its legislative history can justify the conclusion that Congress intended to work such an extraordinary change in federal labor law or such an unprecedented incursion into the criminal jurisdiction of the States." [*United States v. Enmons*, 410 U.S., at page 411.]

A subcommittee staff memorandum dated October 21, 1975, discloses that S.1 is intended to accomplish just such an "extraordinary change" and "unprecedented incursion" by the simple and hard-to-detect expedient of dropping the word "wrongful" altogether from the definition of extortion. Thus, in the language of the staff memorandum, the "loophole" created by the *Enmons* decision would be closed since the Act would "focus on the means used rather than the ends sought and would bring such conduct within the definition of extortion." In other words, as Mr. Justice Blackmun pointed out during the *Enmons* argument, a striker who punctured the tires of a scab would be guilty of a federal crime and subject to up to twenty years in jail and a \$10,000 fine.

The other proposed change is much worse; it would drop the word "wrongful" from the definition of blackmail. It would thus similarly punish any threat to subject an employer to economic injury in his business, and this whether or not violence was involved. Since all picketing and every strike has the objective of subjecting the employer to economic loss or injury as a means of obtaining the union's objective, the mere threat to picket or to strike for any reason could become a quick route to a long term in a federal prison if this provision were enacted. It would not be possible for any union to function under such a law.

Harold I. Cammer

requests for information

I am editing the anecdotes of my kinsman, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), and shall be happy to hear from readers of *The Nation* who may have Twain stories.

Cyril Clemens
Editor, Mark Twain Journal
Kirkwood, Mo. 63122

For an authorized biography of James A. Dombrowski I would be grateful for letters, anecdotes, personal recollections or any relevant biographical information. All will be properly acknowledged and promptly returned.

Frank Adams, P.O. Box 208
Gatesville, N.C. 27938

EDITORIALS

Corrupt, Stupid and Indecent

The offices of the first political party to nominate a Presidential candidate for the elections of 1976 have been repeatedly broken into and ransacked by agents of the United States Government. What have we here—another Watergate?

The truth is different but in many ways even worse than the famous burglary that was the undoing of Richard Nixon. The political party is the Socialist Workers, a small, peaceful, Trotskyite group which tries to advance its cause by running candidates in as many elections as possible. (The candidate for President this year is Peter Camejo.) No threats, no bombs, just politics in the American way. The government agents who did the dirty work were no group of amateur gumshoes assembled for a political "caper" but the investigative arm of the federal government, the FBI. As for the number of times the FBI broke into the offices of this Socialist group and photographed some 10,000 documents—it reached the incredible figure of ninety-two burglaries in the six years from 1960 to 1966. That is, on an average of once every three weeks the FBI broke, entered, browsed and copied.

All this came out because of a suit brought by the Socialist Workers (who naturally knew what was going on, even if they could not prove the identity of their harassers). Finally, some documents were forced from the reluctant federal government and the appalling story has begun to spill out.

For one thing, the government at a very high level lied about its involvement. The Department of Justice declared officially that federal agents had *not* engaged in burglaries of the Socialist Workers offices. For another, there is the stupid and indecent rationale of the FBI itself for this kind of outrageous action (not specifically the one aimed at the Socialist Workers).

FBI Director Clarence M. Kelley, admitting publicly last summer that his agency had been busy with what he nasty-nicely chose to call "surreptitious entries" (he could have added "habitual" after the first dozen or so), declared that he noted no "gross abuse of authority" in these break-ins and denied that they amounted to "a corruption of the trust that was placed in us." Their only purpose, said the man who sits at J. Edgar Hoover's desk, was to obtain "information relative to the security of the nation" and he called the data the G-men gathered "paramount in the protection of the country."

That nonsense was uttered by the FBI's chief a few months ago. Now, after long and costly legal action, we know that this "paramount" stuff consisted of papers stolen from a small, mild and perfectly legal political party. (Readers who would like to help bring the official criminals in this case of "legal" burglary to book should send their contributions to the Political Rights Defense Fund, Box 649, Cooper Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10003.)

Ten years later, the FBI admits that the Socialist Workers party is "a nonviolent Marxist organization committed to running candidates for public office," in the words of *The New York Times* story. But, the paper adds, FBI officials "have defended their attempts to disrupt the

party on the ground that *there was no assurance that its members might not one day embrace violence*" [our italics].

The pattern of provocation and harassment of all unorthodoxies by the agents of the FBI is now well known. The political stupidity that lay behind this long series of illegalities is equally clear. Not yet known is what the government, executive and legislative branches both, is going to do to make this sort of thing unthinkable in the future. Attorney General Levi's proposed reforms are purely administrative in nature and thus subject to administrative reversal in another political climate. There are no binding legal guarantees in what Levi has proposed and Congress must proceed as fast as possible to do its essential part of the job. Levi should be commended for his plan to order the FBI to notify the many victims of the bureau's COINTELPRO disruption of what was done to them, giving them a chance to seek the destruction of their files and to sue for damages, but this is a small first step down a long road toward decent political behavior by the federal government.

Now back to Watergate, as they say in news broadcasts. The scene is the sixth-floor Washington office of one of the two major parties. Agents Hunt and Liddy pull on their gloves and adjust their masks. "Well, lads, we ought to know our way up this back stairway by now; it's the ninety-first time. . . ."

The Courtier

What a charming picture of the Secretary of State springs from the pages of Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*. In *Newsweek's* first of two excerpts (April 5) from this book by the two young reporters who broke the Watergate story in *The Washington Post*, Henry Kissinger stands forth as a sneering and devious sycophant. "He had genuine respect for the President's tough view of what American foreign policy should be," they write, but for the man himself there was nothing but contempt.

"Meatball" is one of his terms for the man who made his career. "S.O.B." is another. He was given to saying that Nixon had a "second-rate" mind. That last evaluation has always been one of Kissinger's favorite terms for his sponsors (not "mentors," as Woodward and Bernstein have it—in matters of foreign policy Kissinger was Nixon's mentor, not vice versa). When he was an acolyte of Nelson Rockefeller, he used it to describe his patron of those days. We will not quarrel with Kissinger's appreciation of the men who thrust him into world prominence, but the readiness with which he volunteers his judgment reflects as much on his character as it does on their minds. The evidence for these harsh judgments of the mentalities of his bosses is clear enough in two books about Kissinger which are based on complete access to this interesting figure (the Kalb brothers' *Kissinger* and Graubard's *Kissinger: Portrait of a Mind*).

William Safire, the former speech writer for Nixon who is now the right-wing columnist of *The New York Times*, puts the finger on his old enemy, Kissinger, as the source of some of the seamier stories about Nixon in *The Final Days*. And he is probably right, on the theory that it takes one to know one. Kissinger's denials of his part in the

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NOTICE TO LIBRARIANS

Through a typographical error two of our issues were incorrectly numbered: the March 13th issue should have been Volume 222, No. 10; the March 20th issue should have been No. 11.

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revelation of Nixon as a half-mad, drunken, maudlin, anti-Semitic figure are extraordinarily unconvincing. In fact, he does not deny the evidence that it was he who told Woodward and Bernstein about the astonishing and revolting scene when Nixon and Kissinger knelt in a form of prayer on the carpet of the Lincoln sitting room of the White House (they were, in Nixon's words as reported, "not a very orthodox Jew" and "not an orthodox Quaker" beseeching the Almighty for "help, rest, peace and love").

Kissinger's statement about the book is that it contains "too much gossip, too many inaccuracies, distortions and misrepresentations to be dealt with." So he contents himself with an attack on the authors for their "indecent lack of compassion and lack of essential human understanding."

Presumably, Kissinger means that Woodward and Bernstein should have had "compassion" for Nixon, but he does not say so. Perhaps he feels that he himself is entitled to a measure of it. It is not at all clear.

The Final Days is certainly no classic. It is written in the style of a bad novel and it is no excuse that the decline and fall of Richard Nixon is the very stuff from which bad novels are made—full of low life in high places. Henry Kissinger is no hero in it and it will take chapters of his memoirs and a good deal of pure faith in the man to erase the picture of the arrogant, clever, fawning servant of the "great" presented in its pages.

Men of Property

Among the many reasons to deplore the Presidency of Richard Nixon (the "sovereign" office, to use his ridiculous term in a recently released deposition) is its effect on the rulings of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judging, if we may use that word, by several recent decisions of the Court, it should now be called the "Nixon Court," so faithfully does it carry out the crabbed view of constitutional rights and liberties which marked the ex-President's understanding of our political system.

There are several examples, all of them tending to restrict the rights of individuals and to enlarge the powers of the state and of business corporations. The Burger Court, to use another name for this increasingly Nixonian tribunal, has been less and less hospitable to claims on civil rights, to class actions and to cases in which the rights of citizens are jeopardized by government actions of all kinds.

The latest case involves the right to privacy of homosexuals. In a 6-to-3 decision (in which, it is encouraging to note, Mr. Ford's appointee, Justice Stevens, joined the dissenters) the Court, without hearing arguments, refused to overrule a lower court decision upholding a Virginia statute prohibiting homosexual acts by consenting adults in private. As the American Civil Liberties Union's Aryeh Neier commented, the decision was "typical" of the Court's trend toward "a great insensitivity to claims for individual privacy."

The same narrow view of the Constitution and its protections shows up in another area of the law—public rights on "private" property—as Professor Arthur S. Miller points out in this issue. In the most recent instance, the Court ruled against union picketing on the "private"

property of a shopping center. Miller argues that it is time for a "mutational leap . . . in our constitutional jurisprudence," one that would recognize that General Motors and AT&T, as instances, have more economic (and therefore more political) power than, say, Rhode Island and Delaware.

But that leap into realistic equities is not apt to happen under the present Supreme Court. Indeed we seem to be right back in the era when property always took precedence over people. Unfortunately, as Professor Miller writes, it is no help to American liberties to have Nixon out of the way in San Clemente. One of his worst legacies sits on the Supreme Court and rules on the laws under which all of us live.

The Measure of King

Carl Sandburg said: "A tree is best measured when it's down." April 4 is the anniversary of the death of Martin Luther King, Jr. and today, eight years after he was shot down in Memphis, and in the light of disclosures about the FBI's harassment of him, it is time we took his measure. It would have been still more appropriate had we done so three months ago, on King's birthday, because, despite appearances to the contrary, the great principles for which he stood are still very much alive.

King was a radical in the true sense: he dealt with the roots of the problem of the black man in America. Indeed, those roots went beyond the black man's problem and touched on the even deeper problem of oppressed peoples everywhere who have been denied their self-identity and their material and spiritual dignity. King helped the black people of the United States win back that self. As one elderly black woman said during one of the marches: "My feet is tired but my soul is at rest." King saw the black struggle in its historical and global context. When he said: "Kill me, but know that if you do, you have 50,000 more to kill," he was expressing the rebirth of a people whose presence could not be erased by dogs, hoses, police or assassins' bullets, who were united and could not be stopped.

King was like the warrior of whom Carlos Castaneda speaks, who lives as if Death were stalking him. He believed that a life without dignity and without the possibilities to fulfill oneself was a living death. "He taught us," said one social worker in Birmingham in 1973, "not to be afraid to die" or as he, himself, put it, although their struggle might lead to physical death, "if such death is the price that we must pay to free our children from a life of permanent psychological death, then nothing could be more honorable."

"He taught us," Lerone Bennett Jr. wrote in his biography, "not only how to die, but also, and more importantly, how to live." How to live meant trying to harmonize one's acts with one's words. "King was the first who took what the whites in the South had been preaching for years to the letter," said a young black Texan. "He threw their religion back in their faces and they were stunned." The church preached love, said King, while hiding behind "the anesthetizing security of stained-glass windows"; the white liberals preferred "order" to "justice" and a "negative peace which is the absence of tension to a

positive peace which is the presence of justice." He saw the Great Society "shot down on the battlefield of Vietnam" and felt the irony of that war which took "the black young men who had been crippled by our society and sent them 8,000 miles away to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia which they had not found in Southwest Georgia and East Harlem."

Martin Luther King was not afraid of tension. He saw that time was pressing, that after waiting 340 years for their "constitutional and God-given rights" the black man could "wait" no longer. But he was aware that the struggle would not be won overnight, nor were the successes or failures of particular battles—Selma, Atlanta, Birmingham—evidence of the ultimate success or failure of the war. The "Dream" of which King spoke at the March on Washington in 1963 was no idealistic utopian reverie, but a goal which had to be earned day by day and without which any battles won would in the end prove insignificant. Today in Birmingham, Atlanta, Boston, Watts, housing projects are too often segregated, *de facto* or *de jure*; busing results in riots and bitterness; despair still permeates the ghettos; the poor are even poorer, and the rich, richer. But if these battles have not been won, the dream remains and the struggle continues.

The true radical knows that there is no such thing as reform, no such beast as partial revolution. The only revolution involves a complete rotation around the axis, the overhauling of both the system and the spirit. If it cannot come nonviolently, then it will come violently. But it will come. In *Time to Break Silence* King said: "These are revolutionary times. All over the globe men are revolting against old systems of exploitation and oppression and out of the wombs of a frail world new systems of justice and equality are being born. . . . 'The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light.' " King saw both the inevitability of revolution and the necessity that it be total, no half measure would do: "I have the audacity to believe that peoples everywhere can have three meals a day for their bodies, education and culture for their minds and dignity for their spirits. I believe that what self-centered men have torn down, other-centered men can build up. . . . I still believe that we shall overcome."

Jeanne Brody

Jeanne Brody is an American novelist and journalist, now living in Paris. She is at present on vacation in New York.

What's Going On?

The most unlikely endorsement of recent days comes from the field of investigative journalism and intelligence. The headline in the New York *Daily News* (March 30) reads, "Colby Backs Schorr on Secret Leak." William Colby, director of the CIA until President Ford fired him late last year, told a panel at Tulane University in New Orleans that CBS News correspondent Daniel Schorr's famous "leak" of the Pike Committee report on the "intelligence community" simply "carried out his obligation to the First Amendment and to himself as a newsman and should not be punished."

What's going on? Is this some elaborate plot by the CIA? Here we've been told by a large collection of

administration and Congressional bigwigs that the publication of the Pike report has gravely compromised the "national security." The public has been force-fed the notion that the actual text of a report whose substance had been widely leaked by many and sundry and which revealed the gross incompetence of our national spy system, not to mention unsavory and murderous tricks galore, was about to destroy the "national security." Then comes the recent head of the national superspy outfit to say Schorr was only doing his proper thing and should be left alone.

The House "ethics" committee, which has lowered its budget for the probe of the Schorr affair from \$350,000 to a mere \$150,000, should obviously summon William Colby as a witness. Maybe there was more to Mr. Ford's firing of Colby than the mere excuse of too much "openness." Perhaps this obeisance to the First Amendment is enough to prove that William Colby is "compromised," as they say in the spy trade.

We leave all these grave questions to the House in its offended majesty. But someone in the upper echelons of CBS has not yet heard the Colby message about Schorr. Recent anonymous "leaks" from those corporate heights, reported by National Public Radio and A.P. and UPI, have it that CBS will stick by the beleaguered Schorr only until Congress is through with him and then buy up his contract—in other words, fire him.

It would be agreeable to think that a giant commercial broadcasting company, which makes fortunes every year by using and abusing the public's airwaves, could have the same high regard for constitutionally protected freedom of speech as the man who recently ran the nation's hush-hush spy agency.

Dead Letter Office

The head of the U.S. Postal Service, Benjamin F. Bailar, told Congress the other day: "We have the capacity to be rendered insolvent within a year from now." That's a fine capacity for the Postal Service to have. It might be even better if it also had the capacity to deliver the mail, but that is long gone. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor incapacity. . . ."

John Cogley

John Cogley, a brilliant, skeptical, deeply religious, hard-headed, soft-hearted writer and editor, died on March 29 in California. Born a Catholic, educated politically in the Catholic Worker movement, Cogley ended his life as a deacon of the Episcopal Church. Having served as perhaps America's leading explainer of the ecumenical movement identified with the name and character of Pope John XXIII, Cogley broke with the Catholic Church when Rome swung back to its old conservative ways.

As writer and religious news editor for *The New York Times* and then as editor of the *Center Magazine* at the Center For the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, he was this country's leading journalist of religion for a quarter of a century. In another capacity, John Cogley wrote one of the most important and influential

books, on the right side, during the dark days of the McCarthy era of repression and anti-Communist hysteria. His *Report on Blacklisting* exposed the evils and suffering brought about by this dreadful and nearly successful

attempt at thought control in America.

The mind and the pen of this remarkable man, which were influences for good during more than a generation, will be missed.

NIXON'S LAST LAUGH

THE CONSTITUTION IN RETREAT

ARTHUR S. MILLER

Richard Nixon may be exiled to California, save for occasional trips to the Far East, but his handiwork remains. One of the latest examples is the Supreme Court's decision on March 3 that a shopping center could not be used by a union as a site for its picket line. The decision, true enough, was written by Potter Stewart, an Eisenhower appointee, but he was joined by Nixonites Warren Burger, Lewis Powell, Harry Blackmun and William Rehnquist. Only Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan dissented. The Nixon Court reigns supreme.

The decision, *Hudgens v. National Labor Relations Board*, is a major setback for attempts mounted in recent decades to apply constitutional guarantees—in this instance, freedom of speech—to private organizations that exercise significant social power or that present themselves as serving the public. The movement began for business corporations with the Court's 1946 holding that Chickasaw, Ala., a wholly owned company town, was subject to the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of religion. A real breakthrough came in 1968, when the Court under Chief Justice Earl Warren held that union picketing on a private shopping center was protected by the First Amendment's freedom of speech.

Some commentators, myself among them, saw these cases as signaling the recognition of the concept of "private governments" under the Constitution—that, in other words, there are times when private groups wield so much power or are so closely tied to government that they should be considered part of government for purposes of the Constitution. The retreat from that position began as soon as Nixon packed the Court. In 1972, it held that a group of Vietnam war protesters could not picket on a shopping center's property. The retreat has now become a rout, insofar as private corporations are concerned.

The Constitutional concept is "state action," which means in essence that the Constitution runs against (public) government only. And so Justice Stewart said. He distinguished the company-town case and casually ignored some other law. It is settled beyond doubt, for example, that a political party is subject to constitutional restraints.

Arthur Miller is professor of law at George Washington University. He is the author of *Racial Discrimination and Private Education* (University of North Carolina Press) and *The Supreme Court and American Capitalism* (Free Press).

A series of cases culminating in *Terry v. Adams* (1953) held that both sophisticated and simple-minded schemes to avoid the reach of the right to vote protected by the Constitution were invalid. And in the "sit-in" civil rights cases of the 1960s the Court stretched the law to make restaurants and other places of public accommodation amenable to the Constitution.

It was, accordingly, disingenuous at best of Justice Stewart to say that "Our institutional duty is to follow until changed the law as it now is, not as some members of the Court might wish it to be." For he *did* state the law as he "might wish it to be"—the 1968 shopping-center case has now been expressly overruled. The 1972 case, *Lloyd Corp. v. Tanner*, did not apply to unions, which have long been held to have First Amendment protection for picketing. Stewart and his colleagues did not follow the law "as it now is"—as Justice Byron White pointed out in his concurring opinion.

Thus, Nixon succeeded in one aim: he packed the Court with ideologues, who are now in control. Stewart tends to be a waffler, to bend and sway with the wind; so he often joins the Nixonites. So does White, a Kennedy appointee. Only Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan hew to the line of the Warren Court.

Last year the Court refused to say that the Metropolitan Edison Company, a public utility, was subject to the Constitution when it terminated utility services. Now the Justices have taken another giant step backward.

Private corporations—the largest among them, at least—should long since have been restrained by the Constitution. General Motors and AT&T, to name only two of the biggest, have far more power—*economic* power, which in turn means *political* power—than, say, the allegedly sovereign states of Rhode Island and Delaware, which are subject to the Constitution. Were the Constitution to be rewritten today, there can be little doubt that the giant business firms, as well as such other influential groups as labor unions, would be made amenable to constitutional limitations.

The time has come, in other words, for a mutational leap to be made in our constitutional jurisprudence. When the Constitution was written in 1787, corporations were few and quite small; labor unions were unknown. Today Americans are governed in fact, if not in theory, as much by the private governments of the nation as by the public governments. This happens in two ways: first, the private economic entities make decisions of national importance, such as the direction and allocation of investment and resources. As Arthur Bentley said in 1908, "The corpora-

tion is government through and through. . . . Certain technical methods which political government uses, as, for instance, hanging, are not used by corporations, generally speaking, but that is a detail." Second, private economic groups wield substantial influence over the way in which decisions are made within public government. Prof. Grant McConnell said it well in 1966: "A substantial part of government in the United States has come under the influence or control of narrowly based and largely autonomous elites."

BALANCE OF FEAR

THE SOUTH KOREAN TRAP

JAMES STENTZEL

There are basically two U.S. interpretations of the wave of arrests which hit South Korea's democratic opposition in early March. Some observers believe that President Park Chung Hee is now engaged in a final mop up of the two remaining pockets of dissidence which still dare to speak out: well-known, liberal politicians and Christian preachers and teachers. Others see the arrests as another of Park's heavy-handed, pre-emptive strikes, this time directed against any budding revolutionary fervor on Seoul's campuses this spring.

In fact, President Park probably had both motives in mind. What is instructive in the above interpretations, however, is not the assignment of motives but the completely different yet equally true assumptions which underlie them. The first interpretation assumes that Park is very much in control of 99 per cent of South Korean society and is hard at work on the last 1 per cent. The second assumes that Park is much more vulnerable: that if he does not always strike first and keep the opposition in disarray, he could be struck first and suddenly overthrown.

How can both assumptions be true? Because they both stem from a much deeper paradox of South Korean politics: the cement which integrates the whole structure and authority of the Park regime is also the explosive which could blow up this carefully constructed dictatorship. The cement, and the explosive, is fear.

Fear pervades the South Korean people; it is deep-seated and, for the most part, real: fear of unemployment, inflation and possible economic bankruptcy is overlaid with the constant terror of being grilled, possibly tortured and imprisoned for uttering an indiscretion about the Park government. And all of this is topped by a daily barrage of anti-Communist propaganda and government warnings of an imminent Communist invasion.

The secret of Park's success—and the reason why the U.S. State Department sees him as a "stabilizing" influence in Asia—is that he has managed, so far, to keep

The Supreme Court is refusing to recognize the enormous changes in the social order that have occurred in the past century. Justice Stewart's notion of property in the *Hudgens* case harks back to the bad old days when the Court, with invincible myopia, exalted property rights over human rights. That situation did not last then, and it should not last now, simply because it is absurd. Even Justices should know that. The "nine old men" of the 1930s have now been replaced by some judicial Neanderthals. □

the external, Communist fears predominant: popular fear of a Kim Il Sung dictatorship descending from the North still outweighs gut fear of the Park dictatorship.

A balance of terror is evolving on the Korean peninsula, and maintaining it can be indeed a tricky business. One cannot imagine a national policy, or a foreign policy, based on a more volatile substance. Each South Korean is expected to tremble in fear of the Seoul regime and to quake in fear of Pyongyang. To date, the formula has succeeded, largely because (1) North Korea has cooperated fully by its noisy revolutionary sloganeering; (2) the United States has cooperated with its post-Vietnam hard line on communism; and (3) President Park has in the past two years used every possible legal and extralegal means to crush his democratic opposition.

The balance of terror was tested for about twenty minutes on March 1 when Lee Oo Jung, head of Korean Church Women United, read a 1,500-word "Declaration for Democratic National Salvation" before some 500 persons attending a service in Seoul's Roman Catholic Myongdong Cathedral. The statement was signed by twelve Koreans, including Yun Po Sun, former President of the Republic of Korea; Chung Il Hyung, former minister of foreign affairs; Kim Dae Jung, the unsuccessful 1971 Presidential candidate; and nine Christians, including Ms. Lee, who are well known in South Korea.

The signers commemorate the fifty-seventh anniversary of the Samil (March 1st) Independence Movement, begun in 1919 to overthrow the Japanese colonial rulers. They pay tribute to Koreans who died in that struggle, as well as to the students who toppled the Syngman Rhee dictatorship in 1960. Then the twelve note: "Once again our people are bound by the iron chains of a dictatorial government."

The declaration reaffirms the Korean people's belief in liberal democracy and restates one of the key demands of the Korean opposition in recent years: "The freedom of the people to express themselves without physical or spiritual intimidation must be guaranteed." Other demands on the government, listed in order, are (1) abolishment of the nine emergency measures which Park has decreed since January 1974; (2) separation of the three branches of government, meaning restoration of parlia-

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mentary politics and an independent judiciary; and (3) the resignation of the Park regime and its acknowledgment of responsibility for massive foreign debt and meager domestic wages which have led to "the absurd situation of the rich getting richer and the poor poorer—a breeding ground for communism."

There are two new and somewhat surprising elements in this declaration. First, never before has President Park or anyone in his cabinet been formally requested to resign for economic reasons. That indicates the growing disillusionment with Park's low wage-high export development model; it also suggests that the magic of Park's reputation as Mr. Economic Miracle has all but worn off.

Second, at several points the declaration advocates a bold, new, independent foreign policy. In recent years many of these same opposition figures have placed high priority on getting the United States, and therefore Seoul, to chart a new course for foreign affairs. But there are no such appeals to Washington in this declaration. Rather, the signers take the initiative of outlining a South Korean foreign policy which is more independent of the United States and closer to "the new world history" led by the emerging Third World.

This shift could become the most history-making element of the declaration. For the first time since Saigon changed hands, South Korean voices have been raised to say that the tide of Asian history should be propelled by something more creative and responsible than anti-Communist retrenchment and fear. The declaration suggests that South Korea has no option but to recognize and deal with Asian Communist countries—but to do so from South Korea's position of strength as a free, democratic state. President Park is castigated for making his country an "orphan in the international community," and the signers express little wonder that each year North Korea gains more international friends, and more votes in the U.N., while South Korea loses ground.

One way to summarize the March 1st declaration is to say that, domestically, the South must differentiate itself from the North by restoring democratic rights and institutions, while internationally the South should follow the North's example by courting friends outside the narrow Tokyo-Washington anti-Communist axis. If both courses were followed, say the twelve, that would greatly facilitate the "supreme task" of defusing tensions and reunifying the Korean peninsula.

The Park regime read the document differently. It decided, according to an indictment from the Seoul District prosecutor on March 10, that the twelve signers were subversives who took advantage of a religious ceremony in order to "incite a conspiracy to overthrow the government." Of twenty-eight arrested in the first ten days of March, eighteen were indicted and eleven of these—including Kim Dae Jung, four Protestant pastors, three Catholic priests and three Christian professors—were immediately incarcerated. The others were under investigation, some of them being interrogated for up to fifty-five hours straight without sleep.

Those arrested were expected to be charged under Emergency Measure No. 9, Park's decree of last May 13 which outlaws any and every act, word or insinuation of government criticism. The regime also moved quickly to insure that few South Koreans would learn about the

declaration. All domestic news coverage of the matter was suppressed, and the ROK Embassy in Japan even applied pressure on some Tokyo-based correspondents to "clarify" the necessity for the arrests. (The ROK Government has expelled two American correspondents in recent years, most recently the *Christian Science Monitor's* Elizabeth Pond in 1974. Since then, the government's tactic has been to threaten South Koreans with up to seven-year prison terms for speaking critically of President Park or his constitution and laws to foreign reporters.)

Kim Dae Jung's imprisonment may be the most significant in the long run. Park has wanted very badly to isolate Kim politically, if not eliminate him physically, ever since he nearly won the 1971 Presidential election. (Kim reportedly received 46 per cent of the vote and, according to former State Department officials, would have won except for election bribes and corruption—including \$3 million contributed to the Park campaign by the Gulf Oil Corp.)

When Kim visited the United States and Japan in 1972-73 and spoke of growing dictatorship in South Korea, the Park regime wanted him silenced and it succeeded. The Korean CIA (KCIA)—which according to recent House subcommittee hearings is also involved in dirty tricks inside the United States—kidnapped Kim in Tokyo and took him to Seoul, where he was charged with election violations. One of the charges was slander, because Kim had predicted in 1971 that if Park were elected he would establish a "generalissimo system." Last fall Kim was convicted and sentenced to a year in prison. He was not actually taken into custody until the new charges were filed last February.

The deepest fear of Kim's widespread, necessarily quiet and largely underground supporters is that they will pick up a newspaper some day and read that Kim, 51, somehow "died of natural causes" in his prison cell. That notice of death would not be unprecedented. Last August Chang Jun Ha, a famous editor, opposition figure and friend of Kim, died under mysterious circumstances during a hiking trip. Most observers now believe that Chang was eliminated by the KCIA. At least one other opposition figure has been tortured to death by the 300,000-strong collection of agents, intellectuals, bureaucrats and thugs who comprise the agency.

If Park can put Kim totally out of circulation, he will have succeeded in isolating, discrediting or destroying all possible Presidential successors, both inside and outside the ruling Democratic Republican Party. Having done so, he could then benefit at home and abroad from fears of chaos should his regime fall. But in this case Park is not relying on fear alone; he is also pushing spiritual re-education programs which teach Korean youth and civic leaders of Park's indispensable role as savior of the Korean nation. A professor who attended one of the mandatory, three-day seminars called the program "one part Maoist cultural revolution, one part Nazi indoctrination, and one part Japanese military-style worship of Park as emperor."

The turning point for the Park dictatorship—or rather the point of no return for his repressive policies—was the



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

U.S. escape from Vietnam. For its part, Washington did everything it could to reassure Park that whatever honor and credibility America lost in Vietnam would be regained in Korea. Within days of the Saigon exodus and the *Mayagüez* euphoria, the Pentagon "let slip" that it had tactical nuclear weapons in South Korea (totaling as many as 686, according to a recent study by the Center for Defense Information), and that the nukes are there to be used, most probably in a U.S.-designed "nine-day war." This battle plan attributed to Lt. Gen. James F. Hollingsworth, a gung-ho commander in Vietnam and then in Korea, is apparently still operative. Its purpose is to avoid another drawn-out land war in Asia; one might note also that nine days could drag out six times longer than expected without requiring Congressional approval under the War Powers Act.

While President Park must have been impressed by U.S. resolve with respect to Korea, it in fact solved less than one-third of his problems: the United States would keep the 15 million North Koreans off his back, but that left to Park himself the job of keeping 33 million restive South Koreans in line. History should note that, in 1975 at least, Park outdid himself in that department.

First, he anticipated the debacle of Vietnam by taking over the last vestige of South Korea's free press (the *Donga Ilbo* newspaper), reimprisoning the "people's poet," Kim Chi Ha, and building up the anti-Communist fires by executing eight innocent men who the government said were members of a so-called "People's Revolutionary Party."

When Saigon finally went Communist, the fears became real and obvious among the South Korean people, and Park Chung Hee was prepared to exploit such alarm to the

fullest. While keeping up a steady stream of warnings in the media about the "imminent invasion," he not only decreed Emergency Measure No. 9 but also rammed through legislation which converted the nation's college campuses into military garrisons under the "Student Defense Corps." Both of these originally temporary responses to Vietnam are now permanent fixtures in the government's machinery of repression.

In the past year, the government has also expelled or suspended several hundred students, many of them for copying or distributing censored foreign news reports about Gulf's contribution to Park's 1971 campaign. Lee Boo Young, a *Donga Ilbo* reporter, was recently sentenced to eight years in prison for "anti-government activity"—i.e., trying to disseminate the Gulf story. He is now one of more than 1,000 reported political prisoners in South Korea (the U.S. Embassy in Seoul estimates "less than 100"). Many of the prisoners are former students who now pass their time in some of the world's worst-equipped and most overcrowded prisons. Since Park became President, the country's prison population has increased threefold to more than 55,000.

If one of Park's heaviest blows was against students, their professors were not forgotten. The government went after them in a University Appointments Law, under which this spring the Education Minister has reserved final authority to reappoint all professors. The result: in late February more than 400 professors were relieved of their jobs. Although the government never said so, political reasons were behind the majority of dismissals.

While most of the repressive new laws are directed at the intelligentsia, the trickle-down effect on others is obvious. If laborers see professors getting fired for criticizing Park—and even one woman legislator expelled from the National Assembly—they quickly recognize the limits of *their* freedom. But the vast majority of workers and farmers have also some very real frustrations and fears of their own. Most of them are economic. There is general agreement in Seoul that unless Park solves some of the nation's huge economic problems within a year or so, no amount of political footwork or military agitation is going to save his regime.

Park has his own economic headaches (continuing billion-dollar annual trade deficits on top of \$6.3 billion in foreign debt), but the workers and farmers still bear the brunt of South Korea's recession-hit development model. In 1975, for the third year in a row, real wages declined for most workers. With inflation running between 20 and 40 per cent a year, the ROK Government estimated that a minimum urban standard of living required \$113 a month. Only 13 per cent of the work force made that much, and 54 per cent earned less than half of that minimum. The workers can hardly afford to complain, however, since labor protest is outlawed and, in addition, any unhappy worker can be replaced immediately from a pool of nearly 5 million workers—a million unemployed, a million underemployed, and some 2 million to 3 million people from the countryside.

Why do Koreans produce so much but earn so little? In addition to forced savings for domestic capital formation, one of the key reasons, say South Korean newspapers, lies

in the hidden profits of foreign corporations (primarily Japanese, except for Gulf and Caltex) and foreign banks (primarily American, led by Citibank and Chase Manhattan). *Chungang Ilbo* charged last year that foreign-invested firms have used depreciation and other loopholes to remit home profits that equal the total direct foreign investment in South Korea—\$900 million. That is nearly ten times what the corporations say they have remitted.

Kim Dae Jung has argued for several years that all Koreans, North and South, are seeking two things: bread and freedom. He says that Kim Il Sung is at least providing bread, while Park withholds both. This, he claims, lays the seed bed for Communist takeover of the South. He is convinced that the only solution is an immediate turn around by the government, as outlined in the March 1st declaration. Without such a change, he believes, his people will simply lose the will to fight no matter how many planes, rockets and missiles the United States sells them.

Whatever the logic of Kim's remarks, the problem with the Park government is that there can be no turn around. Having skillfully manufactured and exploited fear and having woven this fear into the very fabric of South Korean society, there is simply no way now for Park to cease and desist. He has created a political Frankenstein's monster, one who feeds on fear and provides Park with his only mandate for one-man, strong-arm rule.

That is Park Chung Hee's trap: he must sustain fear at present levels to the bitter end. If fear falters, then Park's legitimacy—and the legitimacy of the repressive apparatus with which he is identified—can be questioned. When

Park stops feeding the monster, it will consume its maker.

Park's only viable option appears to be the nurture or creation of more fear, rather than less. This could produce a lethal tilt in the balance of terror—a tilt approaching a declaration of war. In fact, that is part of a projected outcome that is gaining credence in Seoul as Vietnam recedes: that Park might attempt a "pre-emptive" strike against the North as the ultimate means to rally his people behind him and direct attention away from mounting internal problems.

Park Chung Hee's trap is also the U.S. Government's trap. With 40,000 U.S. troops in South Korea and hundreds of millions of dollars per year in U.S. military and economic assistance, the United States is committed. But committed to what? Committed essentially to "stability in the Far East," which today translates into the nervous hope that Park can cement his regime long enough for the United States to find its way out of yet another Asian quagmire. Until a means of release is found, the United States is married not only to Park but also to the monster he has created. Washington is a full, if not 100 per cent willing, partner in the balance of terror on the Korean peninsula. It is buying short-term stability while desperately hoping that the whole house of cards doesn't crumble and automatically involve the United States in another war, when the previous one is not yet forgotten □

An analysis of the U.S. position in Korea, and a discussion of some possible policy options, will be the focus of a second article to appear in an early issue.

THE RISK TAKERS

OILY FINGERS ON THE ATOM

RICHARD L. GROSSMAN

Oilmen, risk-takers from 'way back, drillers of dry holes and occasional gushers, are now beginning to dominate the nuclear energy field, where their notion of "risk," transferred from the simple drilling rig to the technology of ultimate power and megaton disaster, is terrifying. As they tinker with the pent-up power of the atom, these transmuted prospectors consider that they are risking mere money—not human lives—by the millions. They are determined to take that risk.

I recently attended a three-day seminar for journalists conducted by petroleum geologists, geophysicists and assorted oil exploration engineers eager to spill their side of the hydrocarbon story. What fascinated me were the oilmen's views on failure and risk. Only one out of ten holes drilled for oil strikes any hydrocarbons at all, only one out of sixty holes produces oil in commercial quan-

ties. So, to an oilman, "failure" is the predictable consequence of the search for oil; the money invested in the search is what is "risked."

These fellows emphasized repeatedly that in their business (for which they all expressed fervent love), the most common product of their best and most elaborate and expensive efforts to find oil (\$1 million to \$15 million per hole) is to find nothing. When I inquired what number of consecutive dry holes might serve to tarnish an explorationist's credibility, they all jumped up and roundly insisted that no one of them is ever penalized on that score; on the contrary, they claimed, they are penalized only for *passing up an opportunity to make a find*—i.e., for not risking a dig which experience and instinct recommend.

From school days on, oil explorationists are taught to amass data, weigh evidence, make a reasoned decision—and then dig. They recognize, however, that at best they are guided only by informed guesswork. As one oilman put it: "In my business, facts are few and decisions must always be made before all facts are known." Chances of failure, they believe, can be lowered only by investing greater amounts of money in exploration. But no matter

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how much or how little money is involved, they live by the ethic that as long as they do the best they can, making the best assessments of the best available data, as long as their hearts are in the right places, they will not be subject to criticism for risking so much capital and failing so often. As long as they mean well, there are no recriminations. And dry holes can be written off at tax time.

In the nuclear area, where Shell and Exxon and Gulf, Getty, ARCO and others are heavily invested, and where many high-level executives are graduates of corporate oil divisions, it is clear that the oilmen's idea of "failure" and "risk" is not similar to the public's. The public fears that nuclear energy failures will cause death and devastation, removal of agricultural lands from production, genetic defects, etc.—the risk, in short, of doomsday. It was my impression that to the oilmen, failure means only that a machine, in this case a nuclear reactor, ends up by not working. What is risked is, simply, money.

And, definitions aside, the oilmen felt that there are many more "proven facts" regarding things nuclear than things lubricous: atomic reactors definitely *do* produce energy, and the apparent economies of scale compared with fossil fuels have been thought considerable; the word has been that nuclear energy is *cheap*, though today that "fact" seems less than proven. Safety concerns can be dismissed by relying upon reassuring experts like Edward Teller, Hans Bethe and Ralph Lapp, respected professionals in their chosen fields. If there remain gray areas where all the "facts" are not yet in, well, that is nothing new: good men working diligently will resolve everything—in time. Thus, nuclear energy emerges as a golden opportunity for unprecedented success, i.e., for energy and profit.

The greatest failure, as those looking through oil-colored glasses see it, would occur if this nation were to pass up the beckoning opportunity of nuclear reactor development and deployment, especially after so much money has already been invested (i.e., risked). And with the federal government so financially generous over the years in nuclear realms, and Congress having placed a ceiling on liability for reactor accidents, it becomes even more unthinkable to consider abandoning a technology that has so much to offer. Good oilmen can't imagine why anyone might be upset by the possibility of nuclear energy "failure," or be unwilling to take the "risks," since failure would be so utterly normal, and since a major portion of the risk (investment) has already been made. Besides, the best experts have supplied the best data on which the best reasoned decisions have been made.

The oil ethic that "we don't know for sure until we dig" carries over strongly to the atom. Of late, the nuclear industry has been insisting—especially on the heels of General Electric's failure with its \$70-million nuclear fuel reprocessing plant in Illinois, and on the heels of uninspired waffling about the radioactive waste problem—that the only way to know for sure that a certain complex technological process will work is to build the damned thing and see. This is certainly a strong motivation behind the demonstration breeder reactor, now

weighing in at a projected \$11 billion. If the attempts "fail," they can be written off, and more money can be invested in another try. Besides, a lot of really very nice data will be obtained from the "failure" and can be put to use in future attempts. That is what routinely takes place with a dry hole, and it is considered to be no big deal.

These oilmen can't understand how there can be any criticism of people who have conscientiously weighed the evidence and reached reasoned decisions. When there are problems in oil search, more money is "risked." So if some people are extra worried about the safety of nuclear power, why isn't more money just tossed into the nuclear pot so that the experts can get cracking on the problem? Surely, it is only a matter of men over technology: greater risk (investment) *must* result in increased safety and less likelihood of environmental insult; just as greater investment in oil exploration, they claim, inevitably leads to more oil. After all, the motive is pure, in nuclear energy as in oil: to bring power to the people of this great nation so that they can remain free and strong.

Union Oil, operating several years ago drilling rigs in the Santa Barbara Channel, had a blowout which resulted in a massive and widely publicized oil spill. According to the oilmen at this seminar, Union had made a "reasoned decision" not to install the blowout prevention device which other companies use "routinely." My suggestion that Union had perhaps been "negligent" in not taking this precaution was ridiculed and shouted down. They said that evidence had been gathered, analyzed, debated and a decision had been arrived at. All involved had meant well, so there must be no criticism.

Our discussions during this seminar centered mainly upon exploration methodology, oil reserves and economics. It was quite difficult for the journalists to obtain satisfactory answers from the oilmen. Writers and oilmen encountered sizable gaps in language, concepts and humility when trying to communicate with one another. I observed that these gaps grew broader when nuclear power came under discussion. The destructive potential of radioactive inventories in today's reactors is well beyond the experience of everyone except two large groups of Japanese civilians. This holds true for nuclear engineers, chemical engineers, physicists, statisticians, oilmen and lay people. Nevertheless, the experts' professional educations and vocational ethics seem in the end to convince them that they have the right to prevail over human objectivity and good sense.

So anyone pondering the involvement in nuclear activities of well-motivated specialists from assorted respectable disciplines, does well to examine their training, vocational definitions and codes of ethics. Meanwhile, one may shudder a bit at Exxon Nuclear and ARCO Nuclear and their brethren whose people have been trained to expect and accept failure, and whose solution to high-risk ventures—that is, those which require large investments—is simply to invest (risk) more taxpayer, ratepayer or consumer money. Lives don't enter their cost/benefit calculations. □

THE AMERICAN MERCENARIES

MICHAEL MARCHINO & ROBERT K. MUSIL

Fifteen years ago John F. Kennedy promised that Americans would "pay any price, bear any burden" to defend freedom in what he described as "huts and villages" around the globe. In the early 1960s in Indochina, Green Berets, CIA agents and ample supplies of guns and cash foreshadowed a commitment that eventually taught nearly 4 million young Americans the ancient art of war in that tortured peninsula. Today, postwar recession, inflation and unemployment have set adrift a small army of veterans from Vietnam who must sell their skills. Unemployment rates for veterans of that war have run far above the average for young adults throughout the 1970s, but until recently there was little evidence that any segment of American veterans constituted a revanchist threat. Since the collapse of the Saigon regime in Vietnam and the outbreak of intensified fighting in southern Africa, however, it has become clear that there is indeed a community of "fighting men" imbued with right-wing ideology who are for sale in the United States.

If you want to hire your own Green Beret, the classified ads in a magazine called *Soldier of Fortune* are a good place to start. "Former Airborne, Ranger, Special Forces, RA officer seeks military employment anywhere; all offers considered," reads one ad that gives a Pittsburgh address. "Former Green Beret, offers extensive military experience to interested parties," reads another from Brownsville, Texas. These ads and the glossy "Journal of Professional Adventurers" in which they appear typify the American mercenary community in general—a bizarre, macho world that shades imperceptibly downward from intelligence agencies and reserve units to combat clubs, gun collectors and on into the nether world of Minutemen and the National Socialist White People's Party.

Soldier of Fortune is published by Green Beret Capt. Robert K. Brown of Arvada, Colo. Now a lieutenant colonel in the Reserves, Brown said in an interview that he started the magazine on a shoestring budget of less than \$10,000 because he felt "there wasn't a decent men's adventure magazine on the market." On the one hand, explains Brown, is "Argosy and True for armchair types," and on the other "your sex and violence pulp." *Soldier of Fortune* is written by and for "those who have gone and done and those who go and do." Brown seems to have tapped a fair market with his approach, and growing circulation indicates a pool of "professional adventurers" of disturbing size. After two issues the subscription list has doubled from 4,400 to 8,800, and a whopping printing of 125,000 is planned for the third issue (Summer 1976).

Brown's motives for publishing the magazine are ideological as well as financial and journalistic. The first issue featured a favorable article on U.S. mercenaries in Rh-

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Ad in Spring Issue
Soldier of Fortune

desia and provided the address of Major Lamprecht, then recruiting officer at Army Headquarters, Salisbury. According to an article written by David Anable of *The Christian Science Monitor* for *Africa Report*, Brown had earlier been peddling recruitment packets on the Rhodesian Army, but quit on the advice of his lawyer after the Justice Department expressed an interest in his activities. Under Title 18, U.S.C. 959 it is illegal to enlist, or to recruit someone to enlist, in the United States for service in a foreign armed force. Under Section 960, it is also illegal to mount a military or naval enterprise against a foreign country with which the United States is at peace. The law provides for three years in prison and \$3,000 fine, but has been only rarely applied.

However, simply publishing information on such enlistment "opportunities" is legal. As long as U.S. mercenaries (they call themselves "mercs") leave the country and then enlist, and don't mount a concerted military action, they are in no legal danger. Thus, when it became evident that American mercenaries were engaged in Angola and Rhodesia, there was little that the courts could

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do about it. Anable writes that Robert Brown was the original source for information on Rhodesia that later turned up in various ads in magazines like *Shotgun News*, *Shooting Times* and *Guns Magazine*. The ads, whatever their source, have been successful. A force of American mercenaries was mounted, indirectly aided by the CIA, and fought alongside UNITA and FNLA forces in Angola before their defeat earlier this year. The Ford administration denied involvement in recruiting, hiring, or training American mercenaries for Angola, but when asked whether any private contractors might be involved, press secretary Ron Nessen replied, "I don't know."

Brown says he has spoken to American mercs who fought with FNLA in northern Angola where they fared poorly because "they had nothing to fight with." Both Brown and David Ruskin of NBC, who talked to merc sources in Kinshasa, Zaïre, report that as many as five out of every six American mercenaries who went to An-

published in Arlington, Va. by Matt Koehl, successor to George Lincoln Rockwell. Before his death last year, Coey had written his draft board from Rhodesia that he preferred "not to serve in the United States armed services, since that service would not benefit my country but only its enemies. . . . No soldier is obliged to serve revolutionaries, opportunists and subversives who are conspiring to weaken American strength." It is not a very long leap from such views to the more "respectable" *Soldier of Fortune*. An editorial on U.S. Rhodesian policy by Jeff Cooper, who like Brown is a lieutenant in the Reserves, implies that the United States is run by traitors:

So the U.S., as a nation, feels that it must excoriate a tiny and absolutely unaggressive group of people who would like to be our friends, while at the same time it grovels diplomatically before huge and alien power masses who are our declared and dedicated enemies. There is a word for that, but it sticks in the throat of one who had thought better of his country.

Colonel Brown echoed this point in an interview, saying that the embargo of Rhodesia was "one of the most blatant acts of political hypocrisy in the 20th century." Such racist and reactionary views are an inevitable outgrowth of official U.S. policy, whether in Indochina or in our "tilt" to white regimes revealed in a National Security memorandum (see Sean Gervasi, "Rationale for Lunacy," *The Nation*, January 3-10). They take on a more serious, even sinister tone in a magazine that is replete with ads for sniping equipment, automatic weapons, demolition, lock-picking and safe-cracking devices, street- and knife-fighting skills, Nazi memorabilia and the writings of Minuteman leader Robert DePugh. When asked about his readers, Brown answered that a survey showed nearly 60 per cent were veterans, 40 per cent of Vietnam. The readership and ads in *Soldier of Fortune* indicate a potentially large pool of right-wing military types who are highly motivated, combat hardened, and ideologically committed. One such veteran is Bart S. Bonner of Watertown, N.Y., who organized a group called Veterans and Volunteers for Vietnam (VVV) that was prepared to go back to Indochina and fight at the time of the collapse of Nguyen Van Thieu's army. Bonner, whose associates have turned up in Rhodesia, does not think of himself and others as mercenaries. He sees himself as a member of the "fighting community willing and able to fight communism." In his mind, the U.S. Army troops are the mercenaries. Like Brown and others, Bonner, too, smells betrayal in high places. He still seethes over the lack of official backing for his VVV plan, which attracted "several thousand" volunteers, and asserts that "if our country didn't operate like it did, we could have an army of men who would be available to fight Communists wherever they appeared."

The theme of betrayal in Vietnam appears throughout *Soldier of Fortune*. The Spring issue contains an article on "Recon Team Tennessee," a mission run by MACV/SOG, the group responsible for Army "dirty tricks" in Vietnam. In this case, an American Army captain known as "Spider" led a group of Nung mercenaries into North Vietnamese territory to carry out sabotage and direct



Mercenaries

gola were killed. After the MPLA victory in Angola, press interest in American mercenaries died down, but with another southern African war brewing along the Rhodesia (Zimbabwe)-Mozambique border, mercs may soon be back in the news. At least one American, John Allan Coey of Hideaway Hills, Ohio, has already been killed while serving as a medic with the Rhodesian Light Infantry. Coey's death was not widely reported, but he was eulogized in the American Nazi paper, *White Power*

bombing missions. According to the article, "We strongly feel that the exploits of our fighting men, especially those involved in SOG-type operations have not received the homage and praise they deserve." The same bitterness can be felt in a letter Brown published from an ex-CIA agent who led Meo tribesmen in Laos: "Now these Meo refugees live in a state of limbo, desired as immigrants neither by the American Government, which so shamefully failed to live up to its commitment to the Meo and Laotian people, or the government of Thailand. . . ." In conclusion, the ex-CIA man explains why he hasn't been able to help the refugees more personally. "I am damn near close to destitution myself, and forced to leave this country to find any kind of paying employment as a diver, writer, merc or whatever. . . ."

Unemployment, as well as bitterness, right-wing ideology, sexism and a love of adventure, is a constant motif in mercenary literature. Come-ons for employment range from Special Forces Reserve units through "type-rated pilots with 3,000 hours in C-130E H models, for a two-

year contract in Saudi Arabia. Salary is U.S. \$365 a week, plus a 40 per cent overseas, plus an additional 15 per cent bonus if you stow your wife at home. . . ." Hard times make vets whose main skills are mayhem potential troops for adventure, whether with the intelligence agencies, Special Forces and the like, or in the kinkier underworld of mercs and neo-Nazis. Throughout the years of Vietnam, critics on the Left warned that you cannot carry on a policy of imperialism—training huge expeditionary forces, assassins, covert killers for war abroad—without paying a price at home. The mercenaries and the world they live in are not yet the OAS in France after Algeria. They do not yet make up a coherent political movement. But their special weaponry, special skills and special disenchantment are very real. They rather ominously number in the thousands, they are for hire, and they will bear watching. Or as one mercenary describes himself in another classified ad in *Soldier of Fortune*, "International operator, former army officer, bondable, seeking assignment. . . ." □

TROUBLE IN PUERTO RICO

A COLONY COMES HOME TO ROOST

ALAN HOWARD

Puerto Rico is in trouble. Industry is leaving for areas of cheaper labor and real unemployment on the island is 45 per cent; more than half the population receives food stamps, which cost the U.S. taxpayer \$600 million a year and produce angry grumbings in the Congress; the island's credit on Wall Street is at least as shaky as New York City's. And, to exacerbate all of these problems, the "safety valve" of migration to the U.S. mainland no longer works; the 2 million Puerto Ricans living here have begun to return home.

Forty-seven years ago, *The Nation* published an article, "What Next in Puerto Rico?" by Luis Munoz Marin, who began his account by noting that many Puerto Ricans viewed favorably the recent appointment of Col. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. to the governorship of the island, and went on to offer the new Governor some advice. Citing data on land tenancy and the impoverishment of the peasantry in the predominantly agricultural economy of the era, Munoz argued for a radical land-reform program, whatever the objections of the powerful sugar estate owners.

Governor Roosevelt did not make headway on land reform during his brief tenure, but within a decade Munoz himself launched a dynamic political movement, with the blessings and active support of the New Deal administration in Washington. Between 1948 and 1964 he served four consecutive terms as Governor.

During the almost three decades (1940-68) of uninterrupted rule by Munoz's Popular Democratic Party (PPD), the per capita income of Puerto Rico rose by 300 per cent. However, this phenomenal economic growth was not achieved through land reform and a revitalized agricultural sector, as Munoz had envisioned, but by attracting U.S.

capital to the island under a program of federal tax exemptions and government subsidies called Operation Bootstrap. Profits to U.S. corporations have been extraordinary. A recent study prepared by Prof. Robert S. Holbrook for the Committee to Study Puerto Rico's Finances—set up at the request of the government in San Juan and headed by James Tobin, professor of economics at Yale—estimates that the typical firm has returned an annual profit on its initial investment "on the order of 90 per cent or more."

The infusion of capital under Bootstrap shifted the base of the island's economy from agriculture to industry, and a modernized government administration supervised the construction of a new infrastructure of roads, housing and public utilities necessary to service the industrial base. During the 1950s and 1960s the island experienced an almost euphoric sense of progress, with construction everywhere and new firms arriving weekly. More than 30,000 visitors from 160 countries were brought to see this "Showcase of Democracy" in the Caribbean, an example of the kind of development that U.S. capitalism, in combination with local ingenuity, could produce in a poor Third World nation.

Nowadays, the notable visitors to the island tend to be U.S. economic experts, members of Congress and journalists, who ask questions and offer advice on almost everything from the price of beans to political independence. Given the dimensions of the current problems, I thought about Munoz's bold prescription of half a century ago for

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jolting Puerto Rican society out of its quasi-feudal coma and wondered whether he saw a solution for the difficulties. On a recent visit to Puerto Rico I went to see him. Semi-retired, he is still an enormously popular figure whose occasional public statements and regular advice to his party's leadership are treated with great respect. But when he talked with me at his home in Trujillo Alto, it seemed that the grand old architect of Commonwealth on a Bootstrap might be having second thoughts about his lifelong labor.

"We have built economically better than we have built socially," he said. "The economy should be the servant of social justice, better distribution of income, more useful consumption. We should have put more muscle into social programs rather than strictly economic growth before we got into this hole." Munoz was alluding to Puerto Rico's notorious disparity of income, with at least 80 per cent of the population at or below the U.S. federal poverty line, while the other 20 per cent receives more than half the national income. The island suffers the social problems usually generated by such disparities; it has, for example, one of the highest drug addiction rates in the world.

Well, then, I asked Munoz, "What next for Puerto Rico in the year 1976?"

"With my socialist background," he said, "I see political status as an instrument of society. Whatever political status is good for the development of just and good society, is a good status."

His response demonstrated that Munoz was still acutely attuned to the shifts and tremors of Puerto Rican society. The trembling economic foundation of the island is breaking up alignments of opinion on that most fundamental of questions: Puerto Rico's political relationship to the United States; should the island demand independence, become the fifty-first state, or remain a quasi-autonomous commonwealth?

The seriousness of the Island's economic troubles was confirmed recently in the long-awaited Tobin report. Released in December, it immediately became a controversial reference point in the debate over a way out of the current crisis. The thrust of the study is that the government must cut back drastically on its expenditures and that wages should be frozen:

Puerto Rico faces several years of fiscal, financial and economic austerity. Drastic adjustments are required, especially painful because they involve the postponement of expectations deeply entrenched in the economic and political life of the island during the era of rapid industrial growth and abundant external financing.

A few days after the report came out, Gov. Rafael Hernandez Colon echoed this theme of austerity and sacrifice and spoke of the crisis continuing "for five or ten years." But the real question is whether or not it is politically possible to implement Dr. Tobin's unpopular recommendations. Munoz himself went to the heart of the matter when he said that such implementation "will depend on the power of the labor movement and the philosophy of its leaders."

So far, the response of the labor movement has been practically unanimous: it is impossible to expect that

Puerto Rican workers, whose wages average a little more than half those of their mainland counterparts, but whose cost of living is actually higher, will quietly accept such a policy. Militant labor leaders, who tend to favor independence, go even further: any attempt to implement such recommendations will not only intensify economic struggles against U.S. corporations on the island but will also increase worker opposition to U.S. political control over Puerto Rico.

It is thus obvious that any discussion of the current economic crisis brings one immediately into a debate on political status. Until the late 1940s, most Puerto Ricans, the international community, and even the U.S. Government seemed to agree that, ever since the U.S. military invasion of the island in 1898, Puerto Rico had been a colony of the United States. In the wave of decolonization that swept the world following World War II, the debate on status became intense, but was stalled by U.S. refusal to grant either independence, as it had done in the case of the Philippines, or statehood, as was to occur soon in the cases of Alaska and Hawaii.

Into this breach stepped Munoz, who had always been identified with the independence forces, but who had insisted that his economic programs be viewed separately from his position on status. By 1947, however, the pressure had become so great that he could no longer avoid the issue.

Here's how he explained it. "We didn't press the independence issue. Our great electoral majorities were not mandates for political status, but for specific economic and social programs. By 1947 the leadership of the party concluded that both statehood and independence were economically nonviable. We had to invent a form that would escape the colonial feeling and definition."

In 1950 the U.S. Congress passed P.L.600, an Act which permitted Puerto Rico to draw up its own constitution and extended the jurisdiction of elected Puerto Rican officials over some areas of local government. Two years later, and after an enormously complex legal process, the colony became the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Those who supported the change hailed it as a unique and autonomous political entity, an innovation proving the creative flexibility of the U.S. federal system which could adapt its constitutional structure to embrace a densely populated, Spanish-speaking Caribbean nation. Those who opposed the new arrangement called it a "colony by consent," and charged that very little was new except the name and a few minor adjustments in the local administration of U.S. control.

The watchword of pro-Commonwealth forces became "autonomy," the admittedly small amount of which was to be gradually expanded, thus permitting a flexible adjustment of federal policies to the peculiar conditions of Puerto Rico. In the past twenty-four years, however, there had been precious little movement toward greater autonomy, despite persistent pleas by Munoz and his followers. A 1967 plebiscite, which showed that a plurality of registered voters favored Commonwealth status, created an *ad hoc* advisory group to recommend how "the maximum of self-government and self-determination within the framework of commonwealth" might best be

accomplished.

Commonwealth status, while providing certain substantial advantages not enjoyed by Puerto Rico's Caribbean neighbors, such as unrestricted access to U.S. markets, imposes very severe limits on Puerto Rico's ability to govern itself. In the words of an international legal expert and former high official of the commonwealth government, the U.S. Congress, executive and judiciary "routinely exercise their authority in Puerto Rico without the consent of the people of Puerto Rico." Or in the classical and still applicable definition of the U.S. Supreme Court, Puerto Rico "belongs to but is not part of" the United States.

The Puerto Rican members of the *ad hoc* advisory group (it consisted of six members selected by President Nixon and six by Gov. Hernandez Colon) submitted their recommendations in April 1975 in a document entitled "Compact of Permanent Union between Puerto Rico and the United States." The response of the mainland members of the group to the Puerto Rican proposal was confusion bordering on incredulity.

In a memo to the White House, the group's executive secretary, Peter Galagher, explained the reaction of the mainland members: "The proposal contains several far-reaching provisions which would give Puerto Rico significantly greater autonomy than enjoyed by the several states in the areas of federal regulatory statutes and their accompanying administrative regulations. . . . Such a proposal, if not significantly modified, will be embarrassing to the President, the Congress and the American people." The memo went on to suggest a course of action that was eventually adopted by the group: to save time and expense by accepting the document as a working paper but then, after holding a legally required public meeting in Puerto Rico, to begin revising it. At that point, according to the memo, "The Puerto Rican delegates should be capable of swallowing their embarrassment and retreating from the far-reaching position they have taken."

The revised "Compact" now exists as a bill, HR 11200, before the House Subcommittee on Territorial and Insular Affairs. All that is left of the original Puerto Rican proposal are scaled-down requests for greater autonomy in the areas of minimum wage, environment and immigration, increased but still nonvoting representation in the U.S. Congress, and the rewording of certain ambiguous passages in existing law.

The minimum wage, environment and immigration proposals are the bread and butter issues, in that the commonwealth government is counting on their approval to implement immediate economic plans. It is here that the Tobin Report and the Compact converge. If made exempt from federal minimum wage standards, the local government could legally freeze wages at their current levels and hold them there as long as it was politically possible. Similarly, lower environmental standards might well attract new investment. The immigration measure is designed to reduce the inflow of people from other countries who compete with Puerto Ricans for ever scarcer jobs and business opportunities.

There appears to be no possibility that these crucial measures will be approved in the Congress, and qualitative changes in any of the other areas are most unlikely. "The important product is what the subcommittee produces, not

this document," explained subcommittee chairman Phillip Burton, who will soon introduce a "substitute draft" which would eliminate the "defective" items of HR 11200. But since that could mean the removal of virtually every proposal for greater autonomy put forth by the Puerto Ricans, what would be the purpose of the new law? The answer I got from Burton was that it would eliminate certain "colonial vestiges of language," such as the sentence in the existing Federal Relations Act that states "... this Act shall apply to the Islands of Puerto Rico and the adjacent islands belonging to the United States. . . ." The *ad hoc* Group had pointed out that the phrase "belonging to the United States" has provided powerful ammunition to those "endeavoring to prove that Puerto Rico is still a colony." Its suppression would therefore be a victory of sorts for the defenders of the present status, but it is difficult to see how the new law could change anything else, particularly with reference to pressing economic problems.

Both the statehood and the independence movements vehemently oppose it. Carlos Romero-Barcelo, Mayor of San Juan and First Vice President of the pro-statehood New Progressive Party (PNP), which received 43 per cent of the vote in the last general election, believes that the Compact would "close the door to statehood," since it appears to separate Puerto Rico from existing federal structures instead of drawing it into them.

The independence movement, for its part, sees very little that is new in the Compact. "With the exception of the wage and environmental provisions," says Ruben Berrios, a Senator in the Puerto Rican Congress and president of the Puerto Rican Independence Party (PIP), "the rest is cosmetic." Berrios of course doesn't want Puerto Rico subject to any U.S. laws, "but until independence comes," he says, "let's have the good federal laws and not only the bad ones."

Carlos Gallisa, a Congressman and leader of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party (PSP), the other major pro-independence political party, touched on another aspect of the Compact in his testimony on January 20 before the House subcommittee. While denouncing the document as an elaborate reaffirmation of the seventy-eight-year-old colonial relationship, he charged that it is in fact "designed to confuse international public opinion in order for the United States to defend itself before the United Nations on the colonial status of Puerto Rico, which is under consideration by the General Assembly of that organization."

Washington is very touchy about raising the question of Puerto Rico at the U.N. State Department officials with whom I spoke would not be quoted for attribution, but they seem to agree that former U.N. Ambassador Moynihan's strong-arm tactics on this question have been counterproductive. Despite Moynihan's elation over the De-Colonization Committee's close vote last August to deter a decision on the Puerto Rican resolution, that may have been a temporary victory. A source at the U.N. who seems to be respected by both sides on the issue put it bluntly: "If Moynihan had stayed, it would have insured the defeat of the United States at the next session, so hated was the man."

The debate at the U.N. hinges on the political definition of Puerto Rico. If it is a nonself-governing territory (U.N. terminology for colony), the U.S. is obligated to submit an annual report on the conditions of its territory, as it now does for Samoa, Guam, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands and the Virgin Islands. By a number of key measurements, Puerto Rico is different from the territories on this list. Its population of 3 million on the island and its relatively developed industrial base make it a strategic economic market for U.S. corporations, which sold \$2.5 billion in goods last year to Puerto Rico and which have more assets invested there than in any other country of Latin America.

Not surprisingly, therefore, the United States insisted on the removal of Puerto Rico from the nonself-governing list in 1953, after the ratification of PL 600 in 1952. This was part of a pattern then prevailing at the U.N., when not only the United States but also the French, Dutch, British and others found ways to remove their most important territories from the official scrutiny of the world body. But as the international balance of power has shifted, new and more rigorous standards have been applied to the definition of colonial status.

The United States insists that Puerto Rico has repeatedly and freely expressed its desire—primarily through the referendum of 1952 and the plebiscite of 1967—not to be independent. But since the United Nations does not supervise these elections, the votes carry little weight in the international community. One U.N. official I spoke to emphasized that, though he wasn't saying those votes would come out differently under international supervision; he—and the U.N.—had no way of knowing. "The U.N. simply wants to be present to supervise and make sure there is no fraud or compulsion." He added, however, that many people believed there was probably greater sentiment for independence on the island than had been reflected in the elections. "Seeing U.S. governmental pressures against dissident groups, and the phobia toward independent groups here," the U.N. official concluded, "one can imagine many ways that pressures can be applied."

Unfortunately, there is support for such suspicions, especially with respect to the particularly sensitive period when Puerto Rico's status was changed at the U.N. A study sponsored by the commonwealth government in 1958 concluded, in the words of British scholar Gordon K. Lewis, that "the compendium of abuses committed by the law-enforcement agencies acting together in the affairs of 1950 and 1954 (mass arrests of pro-independence activists) can only be properly compared to the conduct of the police in the Union of South Africa in arresting for treason citizens who did not subscribe to race segregation in that society. . . ."

Further doubts about the quality of self-determination exercised by Puerto Rico were raised recently from an unlikely quarter. Testifying last November before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, when it was considering the "Covenant" between the United States and the "commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands," Jose A. Cabranes, then administrator of the Office of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico in Washington, D.C., argued against approval of the Covenant "because it would create a new 'unincorporated territory' or colony under the

American flag; because such an annexation of new territory contradicts this nation's highest ideals, because it is a significant deviation from well-settled international law and practice, and because it is designed to avoid the decision-making processes of the United Nations."

Cabranes's statement naturally invited comparisons with Puerto Rico, and provoked some heated and embarrassed responses from the commonwealth government (Cabranes soon resigned from his post). Was he, the second-highest ranking representative of Puerto Rico in Washington, saying that Puerto Rico was a colony? There seems little doubt that that was exactly what he was saying and, as if to drive the point home, in later testimony he offered the following definition: "Colonialism is an appropriate description of a political association between a great power and a small and powerless people in which most significant law-making powers are under the effective control of the metropolitan state."

The origins of Puerto Rico's period of severe crisis are beginning to be clear. The imaginative economic program that provided the cohesion for that synthetic political fabric known as "commonwealth" has been exhausted, and the fabric has started to unravel. Both those who favor statehood and the *independentistas* view the decline of the Bootstrap-Commonwealth model as a great opportunity. Both insist, with certain justification, that many of their own adherents have supported the PPD's commonwealth alternative because of its effective economic programs, the almost mythic figure of Munoz, and its promise of both a degree of independence and the material advantages of U.S. citizenship.

The two factions in opposition now argue, more persuasively than at any time in the past twenty-five years, that economically the Puerto Rican people would be better off with a program of economic development that corresponds to the political status each of them advocates. In *Statehood Is for the Poor*, Romero-Barcelo maintains that, as a full-fledged state of the union, Puerto Rico would receive much more in federal aid than its impoverished citizens would pay in federal income taxes (they do not now pay that tax). The loss of the tax-exempt status for U.S. corporations is a more complex problem, but in any case debate on the economics of the situation could be academic; for even if the PNP should muster a majority vote for statehood, it is a real question whether the U.S. Congress would accept the decision.

"It would certainly test the right of petition to its limit," said former Sen. Marlowe Cook, who headed the *ad hoc* group. Cook shares a widely held belief that Puerto Rico's case is very different from that of Alaska or Hawaii, whose people voted overwhelmingly for statehood. It is densely populated, culturally homogeneous, and has a strong sense of what can only be called a national identity.

PIP President Berrios says sarcastically, "Independence is practical for the whole world except Puerto Rico. Commonwealth status has given all it has to give; it has fulfilled its historical role. Maybe fifteen years ago we were dreamers, but no more." Half an hour after making that statement, Berrios demonstrated what he meant when he confronted Professor Tobin at a press conference in the Capitol building in San Juan. "Have you considered the

possibility of controlling profits instead of holding down wages?" Berrios challenged. "Have you considered an obligatory clause requiring firms to reinvest profits in Puerto Rico, instead of offering them further incentives?"

Tobin acknowledged that his group had not pursued this line of investigation and evaded another series of questions from Socialist Congressman Gallisa of the PSP. The confrontation revealed the new advantage of the independence movement and the new content in its programs. Both the PIP and the PSP, while currently engaged in an ideological dispute, are explicitly socialist in their political orientation. While insisting as always that independence is Puerto Rico's inalienable political right and a prerequisite to its dignity as a nation, the new independence movement increasingly portrays itself as an economic and social necessity for the poor and working class of the island.

This identification of the movement with the popular side of the economic issues coincides with a qualitative and quantitative growth in its ranks. The vote for the PIP between the 1968 and 1972 elections jumped by 40 per cent (though it is still well under 10 per cent of the total). The influence of the PSP in the labor movement is recognized by everyone.

"They are capable of paralyzing the country, and they've tried it," said former Secretary of State Victor Pons, referring to PSP involvement in a recent series of strikes. Pons reflects the opinion of a sector of the ruling, pro-commonwealth, party that the PSP is such a serious threat to the stability of the government as to require "a re-examination of the basic patterns of democracy." He dismisses the PSP decision to contest the 1976 elections, a departure from that party's long-standing boycott of elections. "They say they're going to vote, but they don't renounce violence. That's hardly calculated to win votes."

The PSP readily admits that its purpose in participating in the elections is to strengthen its organization and project its program through the electoral process; it assumes that the electoral and political machinery is controlled in a way to deprive the PSP of any chance of being voted into power. That is a view shared by most contemporary national liberation movements, and it is unsettling.

"Independence will come as the result of a convergence of various forces, and one of them might be armed struggle. Privileged classes don't yield peacefully. We must be prepared." When Gallisa made that statement recently in San Juan, it provoked an attack from the Governor, front-page news coverage and inquiries by the FBI. Even the U.S. Senate has entered this controversy. On the opening day of the PSP Congress in December, the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security released a report titled: "Terrorist Activity: The Cuban Connection in Puerto Rico; Castro's Hand in Puerto Rican and U.S. Terrorism." Perhaps the most serious charge in the 177-page report is that the PSP has been behind a series of bombings in the United States and Puerto Rico, including the fatal bombing at Fraunces Tavern in New York City.

PSP Secretary General Juan Mari Bras has explicitly denied his party's complicity in such acts. "We view the great mass of workers in the United States as our allies, not enemies," he told the 10,000 people gathered at Roberto Clemente Stadium for the PSP Congress. "We are not going to do anything that harms them, like Fraunces Tavern, where innocent passers-by were hurt." But in the

same speech he warned, "We reserve the right of armed struggle as long as imperialism does not renounce the use of its last arms."

The Senate report made headlines in Puerto Rico, and even created ripples at home, since it was linked to purported plans to disrupt the official July 4th Bicentennial celebrations in Philadelphia. While many officials in Washington dismiss the report as a vestige of cold-war witch hunting—"I just read their stuff to see where my name appears," said Congressman Burton—the thrust of the report underscores the peculiar relationship of Puerto Rico to the *internal* political life of the United States.

However the political status of Puerto Rico is finally decided, there is today a significant body of people on the island and throughout the world who regard it as a U.S. colony. When one examines some recent conflicts—Ireland and Great Britain, Algeria and France, southern Africa and Portugal—it becomes apparent that U.S. society itself could be exposed to unprecedented stress by the attempt to resolve this question. The increasingly frequent references by Mr. Kissinger and others to Puerto Rico reflect the present administration's inability to remove it from the international political agenda. Of all the problems facing U.S. foreign policy, that of Puerto Rico has perhaps the greatest potential to introduce the revolutionary turmoil of Third World politics into U.S. society itself.

Two million Puerto Ricans now living on the mainland would complicate enormously an attempt to contain an insurgent revolutionary movement on the island. In his testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee, Cabranes warned: "In Puerto Rico there will always be a very substantial minority, perhaps ultimately a majority, who will resist to the utmost the idea of complete political assimilation into the United States. We have only recently seen some of the unfortunate and regrettable repercussions of the Puerto Rican political dilemma with bombings in this city and New York City. You may rest assured the problems that the United States will confront when the Congress receives a petition for statehood will be very much more serious than those we have already faced."

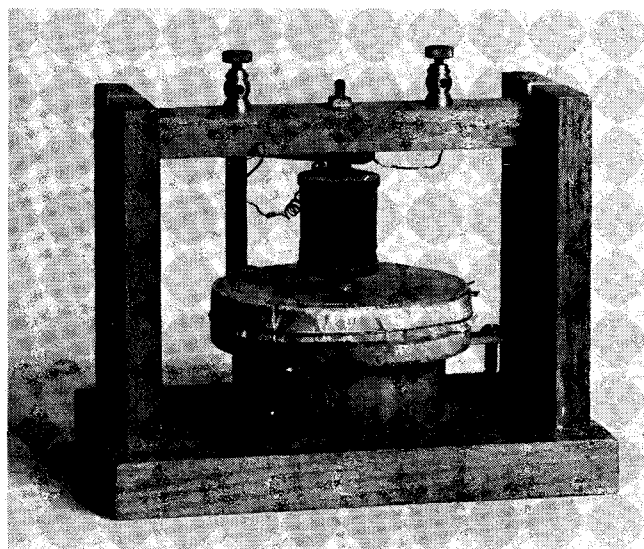
While the warning referred to the dangers of accepting Puerto Rico as a state, even if a majority of the electorate voted for that solution, the same observation can be applied to U.S. resistance to a growing independence movement that can attract substantial international support.

At the moment, it is difficult to deny that the situation looks grim for Puerto Rico in its present commonwealth status. The petition for greater autonomy by its advocates has been effectively denied by the U.S. Congress, it is under heavy fire from its traditional domestic opposition, and its proposals on the economic front will necessarily generate popular unrest.

No wonder that even the grand old architect himself is not hopeful about the future of the Commonwealth. "It's only with a blood, sweat and tears mentality that we're going to get out of this hole," Munoz said, "and how can you do that without a war. . .?" There was a sad smile on the old man's lips as he halted in mid-sentence, leaving his suspended question for another generation of Puerto Ricans to solve. □

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F. B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson



Thomas A. Watson

had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development

program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.



The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth

advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with suc-

cessive stages of manufacture integrated under one company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise—whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations—sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of “cheaper by the dozen.”

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones—49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the



Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone

equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about \$120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used



For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone

industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

"Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bicentennial Reflections (Part II)

EMILE CAPOUYA

The first part of this essay appeared in The Nation of March 13. A further section will appear in an early issue.

J. P. Morgan, squelching a lesser tycoon who has inquired about the cost of a steam yacht: if you have to ask, you can't afford it.

The 24-carat vulgarity of that answer has tickled generations of Americans. There, there, little man. Run along with your inadequate millions. Set your heart on some play-pretty suited to your age and station. But the story has reverse spin on it, too, the hint of another kind of sublimity. It suggests that money, though we reckon it by the decimal system and make it equivalent to hog bellies, bushels of grain and barrels of oil, can reach a stage of critical mass—and at that point all gross equivalents are left behind. Now we are in the realm of metaphysics. "Son," says a character in Tennessee Williams's play, "do you know how rich I really am?" We are in the presence of a miracle, money transmuted from thing to essence. It is inspiring to see the homely buck flash like a meteor as it takes its place among the Platonic ideas.

Morgan was simply exhibiting the jovial brutality of the man of power. (Cf., Khrushchev's good-humored jibe at the farmers of the Ukraine: You were told to plant wheat last season. You chose to plant rye. Good. I'll see to it that you eat rye from now on.) Yet there is a domain—that of values—in which J. P. Morgan's sally is not a piece of social effrontery but the reasonable calculus of moral hygiene. If you have to ask how much privacy may be worth in terms of other goods, you can't afford it. That is, you shall not have any.

And since privacy depends on social faith, since it is a form of communion and implies an effective community, I took it that it might be the business of the gathering of scholars I have mentioned to ask how things stood with the American community as we approached the Bicentennial year. Our inquiry concerned the value of privacy, but all roads lead to Rome. The conference could have raised no question of history, law or social custom that would not have led me to think of the state of American community. In that frame of mind, it

was natural to assume that if members of the middle class were meeting in 1975 to discuss "private rights and the public good," and, as a special case under that rubric, "privacy and autonomy," they had a reason—the suspicion that our present social arrangements might be less than ideal with respect to those abstractions, at least as we members of the middle class conceived them. And I had imagined that, with so good a reason, the assembled professors might also entertain a purpose: to discuss the shortcomings of our present social practice, suggest improvements and use the measure of political initiative they enjoy to put forward in some suitable form a memorandum for the guidance of our rulers. (That is not the language of democracy, but we are not living in a democratic age. Before World War II, Americans snickered when they heard the word "leader," which they correctly translated as *Führer* and *Duce*. They snickered at "leader" in those days as promptly and naturally as now, apropos of all public questions, they bewail the lack of "leaders" and "leadership." That last is but one of the happy effects of a generation of war.) And, again, if we meant to advise or petition to any purpose, it was essential to examine the concepts of "rights," "public good," "privacy" and even "autonomy," deliberately, specifically, in terms of their significance for the condition of community in America—the nation that was, after all, the first intentional community on a grand scale.

The surprise was that my colleagues were not disposed to address the question in terms of community at all. The word might have been one of those we do not use in decent company.

Yet it was the special intention of the Founders to enfranchise the people of the United States. That ideal, brazenly proclaimed, was the true shot heard round the world. It was responsible in great part for the French Revolution, the revolutions of 1848, the movements of popular nationalism in the last century and the present one, the Russian Revolution and the Chinese Revolution. The intention of enfranchising the people evoked an American community whose political habits were on speaking terms with its ideals. And it must be

"the degradation of the democratic dogma," which began very early in our history, in the form of concessions and compromises with which we are painfully familiar—all features of an attempt to restore and confirm the ascendancy of privilege from which in the first instance the American community had dissented in revolution—it must be the failure to carry out the promises of the democratic revolution, that we were called to examine if we meant to understand the gradual failure of community, the gradual erosion of the ground and possibility of privacy.

So I had written in my essay. And that remark occasioned a notable interpellation at the conference. A man who, as I learned later, was a professor of philosophy, translated my phrase, "the enfranchisement of the Americans," into "the exercise of the franchise," and said that he was at a loss to understand what I meant by suggesting that the Americans did not go to the polls. That hit me between wind and water. After a gasp or two, I said that I did not know what his academic speciality might be, but I was confident that it was not political science. To reduce enfranchisement to voting, and make voting the sufficient condition for a democratic polity, seemed simply bizarre. It was notorious that in the Soviet Union virtually the entire population turned out (was turned out?) to vote. Surely that was not in itself a guarantee of popular sovereignty. In Nazi Germany the people had gone to the polls en masse and recorded nearly unanimous votes on every issue. Was that spectacle reminiscent of ancient Athens? These were not kindly illustrations, just as the suggestion that my critic could not be a political scientist was scarcely polite. But I was nettled by his tone of exasperation and his confident muddling of the question. And I got what my bad manners deserved. With evident outrage he appealed to the assemblage to take note that I had equated the American Republic with the Russian and Nazi tyrannies. No one demurred.

At that point I began to think that, angry or not, he lacked the organ for catching the drift of an argument or judging the force of evidence. But see how these Christians love one another! As the day wore on, I found that I had seriously annoyed, first with my paper and then with my sputtering defense of

it, nearly everyone who took part in the discussion. With some of those men and women I was already acquainted, and I knew very well that their powers of reasoning were as good as mine. Indeed, among the persons present were men who had been my teachers, from whose example I had learned how to gauge the probable bearing of an idea, and—something more important that one learns from one's teachers—how a serious man applies his mind and spirit to the problems of life, epitomized in the problems of his profession as they arise for him in the very classroom, while he goes about the business of transmitting his art to his students. For the teacher teaches chiefly "his way of being in the world," as Paul Goodman used to call it; and those men's ways of being, through the contagion of personal force, had in some measure become my own. And I their pupil, necessarily a touchstone of the scope and acuity of their thought—more, of their hearts and characters:

*Around me the men will be lying
Who learned me the way to behave . . .*

—I could not make out why they should be so exercised by my evocation of the American idea.

Certainly, nothing is more trying than to hear one's values traduced by a clumsy advocate. Perhaps I had offended their patriotism with my out-of-season heat—say, in speaking of the quasi-religious nature of the American experiment in its beginnings? But the language of the Declaration, though written, as has been suggested, by an atheist, and ratified by a passel of Deists, to whom Paley's watch was an adequate metaphor for the Creation and his watchmaker for the Creator, is unequivocally the language of the Sonship of man: "created equal . . . [and] endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights." Democracy is a religious dogma. It takes as its premise, and ratifies in its practice, the natural aristocracy of all.

But expostulation is vain when men are incensed. Somehow, by chanting our oldest war songs, I had contrived to incense this gathering of Americans. Another scholar, this one a most distinguished student of political philosophy, said that he had known me for some twenty years, but nevertheless I had him stumped with my suggestion that autonomy for each person was the ideal we ought to pursue. Do we not consent to sacrifice autonomy when we establish a democratic polity, that is, give up our right to do as we please so that we may enjoy a measure of security and amenity? If each citizen were to insist on

autonomy, there could be no society, just the chaos of anarchy, each against all in mere oppugnancy.

Well, autonomy had not been my term at the outset, and I am afraid that I might not have used it at all if it had not been given to me as part of my theme by the organizers of the conference: "Privacy and Autonomy." But I had adopted it eagerly enough, when, thanks to my friend's suggestion, I had come to see that privacy is an expression of our faith in our fellows—without that faith privacy goes where our lap goes when we stand up. Then only did I see what connection it had with autonomy, the habit—which a democratic polity enjoins upon us—of taking the social and political initiative. Such venturesomeness on the part of the body of the people is unthinkable in the kind of society we call tyrannical; under oppressive regimes, only saints and heroes are so trusting as to envision the possibility of mutual faith—toward which they take the first step by speaking and acting boldly. Subjectively, autonomy is the sense of personal freedom. Objectively, it is political liberty, the possibility that one's thoughts and conduct can make a difference. And because I had already suggested that definition to the conferees, I found that stumping my former teacher was not all the pleasure it might have been.

His response had been purest Hobbes. Marx claimed that he had found Hegel standing on his head, and with filial care had set him upon his feet. What was I to say of my master? That he had found Hobbes standing on his head, made him do a complete somersault over several centuries, and set him tenderly upon his head again in 1975? In the first place, for a social animal society is an enabling condition. Fellowship humanizes him, gives him strength, allows him to entertain ideas, permits him to nourish projects. All those good things are impossible to a solitary. Hobbes's claim that in a state of nature life is nasty,

mean, brutish and short, describes for the sake of illustration an abstract condition that can never be made concrete, a population of solitaries. That, as the Germans say, is the animal that there is not any of. For man some kind of society is requisite, and any society better than none if he is not to be a beast or a god. But men, at this stage of history, can elect to form a democratic polity, and they sacrifice nothing if they do. They do not thus give up the right to do as they please. On the contrary, they establish democracy so that they can do what they most want to do, act as free men. O wonderful student who can so astonish a teacher! But what was it that made that axiom so puzzling to him? I could not tell, and I was too discouraged to reply, except for an *Et tu, Brute* that I uttered silently.

From that moment I felt myself to be not in a false position merely but in a kind of day-nightmare. All those cultivated, mannerly people, and all those opinions that altered—I think forever—my notion of which way is up. That such a thing should happen to me in my high middle age, when I had long since shot my man and begot my man, suggested to me that I must never have hung plumb among my fellow citizens, and needed to be set in gimbals so I might find the perpendicular. I must be retarded, or stricken with what the theologians call invincible ignorance, else I should long since have caught the social signals and seen what field it was that I had been called to labor in. And yet, in my defense, much of the subsequent discussion was astounding.

For instance, an eminent lawyer, in suggesting how organs of government must necessarily trespass upon the rights of individuals *so as to secure the social weal*, cited this example: a former Secretary of State—I presume, Dean Acheson—was advised for reasons of security to censor the communications of his staff, and ignorant of his responsibility to the

THE SNOW BIRD

*His flight across the white waste
disturbs no one and no thing:
he touches softly down on the sterile field
like a carrier of some clean disease
delivering an augur random notes:
the song is all but silent to all ears,
the dance a pattern only snows and old men know.
He will stay, this quiet bird, only so long
as he has need to search for sustenance
among mirrored crystals of this white sea,
then rise, finally rise, on silver wings
into the feathered air, his final bed.*

Jim Barnes

public, responded stiffly, "Gentlemen do not read one another's mail." Acheson's antediluvian code provoked a general laugh. I got the amiable moderator to recognize me so that I could catch the instance on the fly, and appeal against it to the general sense. It was clear, I said, that the Secretary of State entertained a notion of community close to the one I had in mind. He regarded his colleagues as being members, with him, of a community—he was in communion with them. Given that assumption, it was simple self-respect to refrain from rending the fabric of trust that supported so intimate a relation. More accurately, their trust was not so much a condition for their intimacy as the body of their intimacy—to violate it would be to violate one's self.

That suggestion was so unpopular that the discussion turned at once to an extreme case, namely, the justification for espionage in warfare. That is, in rejecting the every way impertinent sug-

gestion that community is faith in the good will of our fellows, my colleagues naturally inquired if I wanted to see our women raped by foreign troops. Well, actually, no, I didn't. Nor by domestic ones. But I didn't get to say so, because the gale was now at its height and I was shipping green seas. The man at the head of a conference table loses his psychological and moral advantage completely once he has been thoroughly discredited. Instead, I listened with a sense of vertigo as two gentlemen whom I knew, both of whom had served in high government office, appealed to each other to confirm the absolute necessity for U-2 flights and other stratospheric monkeyshines. It was unfortunate that at the time of that conference the business of arranging the assassination of foreign heads of state had not yet become a public issue. I could have asked for their opinion on the advisability of murdering such awkward persons—selectively, of course, and with appropriate safeguards. □

economic thought applied to other fields."

"There is so much fun to be got out of this," said Geddes, "and perhaps even some *fire-raising*! It would be a great step if we could wake up people to be angry—stupor is our difficulty. And such questioning is a form of social research, too: a looking over of the whole social ship. By the way, who have been the questioners since Socrates? Very few, I think."

Called a "Scots Darwin," compared to Leonardo, Geddes was remarkable for his work in renovating the Edinburgh slums; for his leading role in the University Extension and Garden Cities movements; for his championship of the then novel concept of regional survey; for his construction, in his celebrated Outlook Tower, of a unique instrument of educational synthesis; for his extensive urban planning work in India and his design (though ultimately not used) for the new University of Jerusalem. There were several reasons, however, why he failed to achieve the influence that many thought should have been his. Toward the end of his life he summed up one of these:

Everything I have done has been bi-centric: for and in terms of life, both individual and collective; whereas all the machinery of state, public instruction, finance and industry ignores life when indeed it does not destroy it. The only thing that amazes me, therefore, as I look back over my experiences, is that I was not caught and hung many years ago!

Another was his failure to perpetuate his ideas in writing, which Lewis Mumford has attributed to his basic distrust of what he called "the modern verbalistic empapement." But Mumford also makes it clear that "P.G." had some difficulty in writing—perhaps attributable in part to his having evolved his style on the intoxicating but treacherous model of his youthful hero, Carlyle. And then there was the inevitable abrasiveness of his chosen role. He was a presence, a mighty ego. His son, Alasdair, observed once that "no human being could live as well as work with P.G. and survive." This aspect is illustrated by Patrick Abercrombie's recollections of Geddes's Edinburgh room at the great Town Planning Exhibition of 1910 at Burlington House:

It was a torture chamber to those simple souls that had been ravished by the glorious perspectives or heartened by the healthy villages shown in the other and ampler galleries. Within this den sat Geddes, a most unsettling person, talking, talking, talking—about anything and everything. The visitors could criti-

Old High Explosive

A MOST UNSETTLING PERSON: The Life and Ideas of Patrick Geddes, Founding Father of City Planning and Environmentalism. By Paddy Kitchen. *Saturday Review Press/Dutton*. 351 pp. \$10.95.

PETER DREYER

Born in the highlands of Scotland in 1854, Patrick Geddes came, as Lewis Mumford, his most prominent disciple, has observed, of a generation "heady with the hopes of endless progress through science, technics, and education." Enthusiasm, that essential Victorian trait, might have been his middle name. But for all that, he saw—as perhaps only Ruskin had done before him—that the creed of unlimited growth had a dark underside. "America is the martyr of her own progress—from which we shall reap in time . . . the whole wreck of environment," he wrote in 1900. As a planner his aim was to "restore the vision of Cities, in place of these dreary abstractions of State." Quality of life, rather than economic utility, was his lodestone. "Blake would have understood Geddes, but not Bentham," Mumford remarks. Politically, though he never allied himself with any party, he was probably closest to the contemporary anarchists of whom Peter

Kropotkin was the outstanding representative.

Commencing as a biologist, trained under Thomas Huxley, Geddes rapidly expanded his province to every area of human thought and activity that attracted him, and there were few that did not. He set up as a town planner, organizer of industrial fairs, a pioneer sociologist, publisher, art critic, educational innovator and roving critic of universities (which he tended to characterize as "refuges for exploded ideas" or "sub-Germanic education sausage mills.") The academic hierarchy of the day did not take to him, needless to say. "I have been refused *every* job I ever asked for, without any one exception at all," he noted at the age of 50. Examining the examiners was a favorite game. He proposed at one point to prepare a series of examinations to be circulated among students to try out on their professors. (Others were to be provided for patients to use on their doctors, clients on their lawyers, teachers on "Education Departments, Inspectors and other plagues of their lives.") One actually circulated was headed: "The University Militant—First Examination Paper for Professors of Economics." Among the teasing questions were:

- (1) What difference is there between an economist and a European tramp or a blind Indian beggar dominated by the concept of money value?
- (2) Disprove the statement that "Darwinism is the very flower of classic

Peter Dreyer's latest book is his biography of Luther Burbank, A Gardener Touched with Genius (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).

cize his show—the merest hotch-potch—picture postcards—newspaper cuttings—crude old woodcuts—strange diagrams—archaeological reconstructions; these things, they said, were unworthy of the Royal Academy—many of them not even framed—shocking want of respect; but if they chanced within the range of Geddes's talk, henceforth nothing could medicine them to that sweet sleep which yesterday they owned. There was something more in town planning than met the eye!

H.G. Wells, says Paddy Kitchen, found Geddes's vision of the future complacent—and while sympathizing with P.G., one can see what Wells meant. The unchecked eclecticism, the perpetual optimism, the “schoolboy who rang the bell and ran away” side to him (which Geddes himself recognized) must have struck many false notes, especially in the dark days of World War I and its aftermath. To my mind, too, in his beloved “thinking machines”—schematic representations of the sociological abstractions he had inherited from Comte and Le Play—he left an unfortunate legacy: these deadly diagrams are quite as obfuscating as the “verbalistic empaperment” they

were meant to replace.

There have been several previous biographies, and some may prefer Philip Boardman's *Patrick Geddes: Maker of the Future* (1944) or Philip Mairet's book, *Pioneer of Sociology: The Life and Letters of Patrick Geddes* (1957), as introductions to P.G.'s ideas. Both these authors had the considerable advantage of having known Geddes personally. Conversely, Paddy Kitchen is able to place him in perspective from the standpoint of an age more deeply sympathetic to his goals than any before. Her well-balanced treatment of the subject deserves a wide readership. It is a substantial achievement. “I do not know how a genius of this kind could have been preserved for posterity,” S.K. Ratcliffe wrote in *The Nation* a few weeks after Geddes's death at his Collège des Ecosais near Montpellier, France, on April 17, 1932, “and we must, perhaps, be reconciled to the conclusion that Patrick Geddes was one of those who, having inestimable riches to share with their fellows, can bestow them only through the light of the mind and the flash of a defiant deed.” □

George Wallace and the Defeat of the American Left

WALLACE. By Marshall Frady. World Publishing Co. \$5.95. Paper. \$2.95.

WATCH OUT FOR GEORGE WALLACE. By Wayne Greenhaw. Prentice-Hall. 276 pp. \$7.95.

THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN: White Journalist/Black Movement. By Paul Good. Howard University Press. 380 pp. \$9.95.

JASON BERRY

A sickness pervades American political life, and it may be diagnosed in one phrase: the decay of truth in public speech. Since the death of our last statesman, Adlai Stevenson, murder has claimed the prophet, Dr. King, and the romantic enigma, Robert Kennedy. (How real a populist would Bobby have been?) In the leadership vacuum since 1968, the alliance of the press and the political Left has sunk like a stone in

Jason Berry is the author of *Amazing Grace*: With Charles Evers in Mississippi (*Saturday Review Press*). His investigative report on IRS harassment of Southern civil rights leaders appeared in *The Nation* of March 6.

water. The problems of the 1960s—racism, poverty, imperialism—are painfully alive, but no longer issues. Today's issues—the economy, “big government,” the political alienation of the average man—are a semantic shroud for social inequities, media jargon common to the masses and the classes. The Left, which earlier determined issues, is now leaderless, and the press goes with a winner; winners make history.

But as the Left faded, reporting tactics have been greatly liberalized. The causes include the institutional lies of the war in Vietnam; the street wars and the man-handled journalists in Chicago in 1968; Nixon's pitiful cover-up; Kissinger's crumbling façade of dignity. Lying, once a trade tool of Washington, is suddenly the subject of widening reportorial scrutiny.

As I write, Jimmy Carter has just won Florida's Democratic primary, presumably ending George Wallace's long quest for the Presidency. It took a Southerner to finish Wallace. And in the two months before this win, the marriage of the press and the Left uttered a last protest. *Harper's* and *The Village Voice* ran articles attacking Carter for such things as an appeal to rednecks to win the Georgia

THE TRANSFORMING

*Yes, we grow dumb
in love. Before,
words rise like small fish
to the surface
where everything shimmers,
floats.*

*We scatter syllables,
seeds, believing
each one.*

*But after—
we gather what grows
in silence.*

*We do not risk triteness
or lies.*

Susan Bartels

governorship (after which he established a fine civil rights record), and calling Lieutenant Calley of My Lai a “scapegoat”—which Calley was, for the nation. *The Voice* even quoted Lester Maddox attacking Carter. *Lester Maddox*, to make credible a point in *The Village Voice*. The fact is that the articles in question attacked Carter because he is a Southerner, conservative on some issues, liberal on others.

The 1976 campaign, bereft of ideological debate, has produced no leader to speak of the great moral issues, no new man whose force of character gives promise of restored national integrity. Before Theodore White lionizes the victor, let us review George Wallace, success story of the Great Society.

Like McCarthy in the 1950s and Nixon in 1972, the early Wallace spoke beyond reporters who hated him, to a Southern following he was prepared to build upon. Before the press saw that Northern ghettos mirrored the savage racial logic of the South, Wallace stitched together a national counter-constituency. As the Left splintered in 1968, Wallace shifted gears. He translated “nigger” into “crime in the streets,” and added a second issue, big government.

Over the next four years, 1968-72, he finished work on the machine that is now in complete command of the Alabama legislature, state politics and much of big business there. During this period, deeds he might have been impeached for went unnoticed by the national press. (He and his brother run the liquor industry in Alabama.) Wallace the candidate was copy outside of Alabama, not while he was there carrying on his administration.

And in this same four-year period, Nixon dismantled key social programs begun by Johnson, and exploited racial

passions by using Wallace's new issue, busing. Nixon and Wallace profited from the fatal flaw of modern liberalism. No plan emerged to support successfully the philosophy of racial equality. In 1965, one poll found a majority of Americans believing in integration and racial equality: indeed, the United States has been the only country in the West to publicly embrace such a noble human standard. But no legislation could undo the racial composition (and distributive poverty) of city neighborhoods, nor compensate American blacks for centuries of economic and cultural theft.

By 1972, Wallace had a national base, 20 per cent, die-hard. A Jack Anderson exposé of his brother's tax problems and questionable sources of wealth had no discernible effect on his constituency. The story confirmed, moreover, what many people had always believed, that his populism was not only racist but phony. Undaunted, Wallace was fighting like a bull when Bremer shot him. He lived, and was anointed a national Democrat by Ted Kennedy in Alabama on July 4th, 1973.

When one considers the spiritual damage George Wallace has done, the madness and anger he has evoked, his brutal impact on the body politic, it's odd to find only two serious biographies thus far. Well, maybe it's not odd. Reporters who covered him hoped he'd go away. If a few of the boys on the bus now wish that they had kept better files, there are more who couldn't stomach the subject long enough to write a book.

Wallace by Marshall Frady was published in 1968, a fair political portrait, marred in spots by the author's long-windedness. A paperback reissue, just out, includes a new introduction which says, more or less, that times have changed and Wallace's days are numbered. Early on, Frady dispels the popular Northern notion that Wallace is essentially evil. Consider Wallace the undergraduate at the University of Alabama:

As a freshman he defeated the fraternity candidate for class president. "He came on the campus running," declares a former student who was a fraternity member, "and in less than a month he had amassed a large enough following to beat the fraternity machine right off. . . . He wouldn't wear a tie, and his manner, his affiliates, everything about him indicated the part of a poor country boy working his way through college. He was viewed as a real liberal by everybody, especially by the fraternity and sorority people; they were suspicious of him."

More than a liberal, the early Wallace

was sympathetic to blacks, indeed a populist. Frady touches on the crucial influence of Wallace's politically formative years: the legend of Huey Long. A new book, *Watch Out for George Wallace*, not only updates Wallace's rise since 1968 but analyzes in some depth Long's impact upon him. The author, Wayne Greenhaw, is a Montgomery

journalist with a novel to his credit. Unlike Frady, he approaches Wallace less as a phenomenon than as a man, driven by bright and dark impulses.

As he grew older, Wallace studied the unique politics of that powerful figure, Huey Long, who spoke for a region of destitute people living from hand to mouth in the Great Depres-

"ENCHANTING... SPLENDID AND TOUCHING."
— Clive Barnes, N.Y. Times

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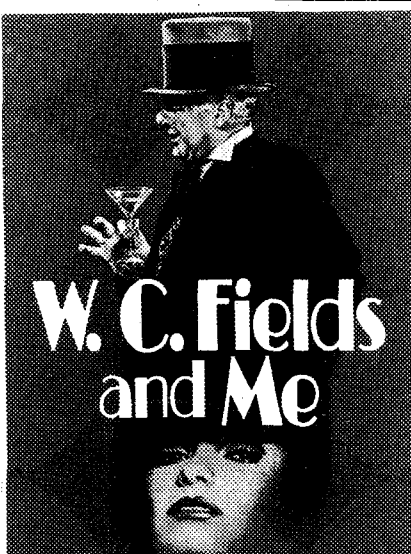
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sion. Wallace placed Long next to his other heroes: Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, William Lowndes Yancy and Robert E. Lee. A student of the Civil War, Wallace believed deeply that the South has never been brought out of the time of Reconstruction. The South was never given back all of its rights, which were lost when it rebelled, he was taught. He holds to the theory that Huey Long was on the way to becoming the spokesman that the South needed, but that Long never accomplished that task.

Long, for all his tyrannical instincts, did not exploit racial passions. In the same vein, Wallace was an early disciple of Big Jim Folsom, the popular Alabama Governor who said in 1949, "As long as the Negroes are held down by deprivation and lack of opportunity, all the other people will be held down alongside them. Let's start talking fellowship. . . ." But when Folsom drank scotch with Adam Clayton Powell in the Governor's mansion, Alabama voters wrote him off. So did Wallace, who sensed how volatile the racial temper was, began to exploit it for political advantage and never looked back on his old liberalism.

Wallace falls into the tradition of Bilbo, Vardaman and similar demagogues who served the moneyed interests by keeping apart the poor whites and the blacks, who had the most in common economically. Northern industry was a willing partner in the Old South's racial politics. In the depression, the Klan terrorized union organizers as well as blacks. The school integration crisis in Boston today is an extension of the old Southern dichotomy: suburban liberals, like the Bourbons, have left the mass of blacks and lower-class whites to bridge the painful gap long maintained by custom and the economy.

Greenhaw portrays Wallace as a surprisingly intelligent man whose worst flaw is not racism (or even cynicism) but egocentricity. Scheming, garrulous, myopic in his pursuit of votes by any available means, Wallace hungered for the governorship as no man in Alabama ever had. Knowing his wife was seriously ill, he ran her for Governor in 1966 since he could not succeed himself. She won, and died within two years.

Of the two books, Frady's is stylistically superior, Greenhaw's better in reporting the facts and in political analysis. (His chapter on the 1972 campaign is particularly instructive.) Unfortunately, neither author reflects to much purpose on Wallace's bittersweet relationship with the national media of information. Nor is there sufficient comment in either book on the changes of the late 1960s and how Wallace tapped emotions re-

THE UNIVERSE

*My friend, the astronomer, is afraid
It will die!*

*The trees are filling up with fog
As I think of the constraints in
"A graveyard of frozen darkness."*

*A sticky maple leaf is risking the cold air.
A cricket in the yellow window sash
Scrapes out a little tune. "I'm here."*

Darkness is drinking the sound.

Stephen Stepanchev

sponding to those changes. Both biographies are rich in anecdotes and character studies of the important people in George Wallace's life.

Greenhaw's chapter on Wallace's black support in Alabama is grounded in political facts that Northern liberals should understand. Wallace has won the support of key black mayors and state legislators by delivering on social programs that those leaders and their people were previously denied. I recently interviewed Johnny Ford, Mayor of Tuskegee, who said pragmatically: "What good does it do me to criticize Wallace in 1976? He's the Governor and he has the power. My folk need jobs." Significantly, George Wallace has little visible black support in his Presidential campaign.

It strikes me that readers with a serious interest in George Wallace would do well to purchase *The Trouble I've Seen*, an impassioned autobiographical account of the 1964 civil rights summer by Paul Good, a journalist who quit a well-paying job with ABC News because he hated the way the network covered civil rights developments. *The Trouble I've Seen* is a companion to the Wallace books, for Good brings alive the terrible results of Wallace's politics, and he shows how the media, which didn't fully understand Wallace, also misrepresented certain deep truths of the civil rights movement, which most reporters personally supported. Paul Good searched for the truth that summer, and in finding it, he changed his basic assumptions about his life and work.

This year, most Presidential candidates, with various positions on shallow issues, avoid the truth as though it were Richard Nixon. Images, not intellect, dominate the airwaves. George Wallace's Presidential aspirations seem just about dead. How obscene that his legacy of false promises endures. □

Four Short Lines

IRVING DILLIARD

This is an excellent moment to recall the life of Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn. For one thing, she was born 100 years ago—a Centennial baby—and for another, she was a social activist when zeal of that sort was not expected of her sex and often little appreciated by the men whom it discommoded. It is odd that the women's movement did not discover her long since. I have just talked with a knowledgeable young woman, who is at work on a major project concerning "our foremothers" as part of the Bicentennial observance. She had never heard of Sarah Cleghorn and at once became excited about the observant visitor to the South and her simple, biting lines.

Their author was born just a century ago in Norfolk, Va., her parents being Vermonters, John Dalton Cleghorn and the former Sarah Chestnut Hawley. Sarah Cleghorn was only 9 when her mother died and she and a small brother were taken to Manchester, Vt., to be raised by her mother's sisters. She went to school in Manchester and was graduated from its Burr and Burton Seminary in 1895. Then she attended Radcliffe, 1895-96.

The blonde, stocky, snub-nosed girl began to write stories in her late teens; her first published work was in *The Philistine*, edited by Elbert Hubbard, in 1897. She liked both New England and the South and tended to divide the year between them. It was during a Southern sojourn that she visited the South Carolina mill area to which textile manufacturing was being lured from New England by the attraction of cheap labor.

Remembering the setting, she wrote afterward "there was such a golf course, with a mill at its edge." She could see the children's heads through the factory windows and at the same time the men with their golf clubs on the greens. The quatrain wrote itself in her mind. Then she put it on paper and sent it to "The Conning Tower" column conducted by F.P.A. (Franklin P. Adams) in the *New York Tribune*. There her four short lines first appeared in print.

Child labor was not the only social evil Sarah Cleghorn hit. She hated war

Irving Dilliard is a journalist and educator, and the author of numerous books and articles on history and law.

and proudly called herself a pacifist during World War I. She opposed experimentation on live animals and lifted up the banner of the anti-vivisectionists. She deplored the excesses of capitalism and enlisted in the Socialist ranks. Woman suffrage, anti-lynching, prison reform, vegetarianism—she was out in front for a host of causes. She was an early teacher at the Brookwood School, Katonah, N.Y., and then at the later school of William and Helen Fincke at Manumit, where the Montessori method was employed. In 1929 she was on the English faculty at Vassar.

And she wrote as the spirit moved her—stories, novels, sketches, verse, letters, memoirs. Her first book, a novel, *The Turnpike Lady*, appeared in 1907. *The Spinster*, a second novel, came out in 1916, the year when she collaborated with her Arlington, Vt., neighbor, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, on a book of essays, *Fellow Captains*. A collection of poems, *Portaits and Protests*, was published in 1917. Looking back over sixty years of life, she brought out her recollections, *Threescore*, in 1936. Her last

book was *The Seamless Robe* in 1945.

Sarah Cleghorn divided her verse into three groups. Her pictures of a disappearing life in New England she called “*Sunbonnets*.” A second set expressed her mystical side. The third category, which attracted most attention, consisted of her “burning poems” about the evils in society. Reading this latter group, one critic credited her with “genuine and impassioned thought and a heart burning with love of her fellow creatures.”

In her later years, Sarah Cleghorn, who never married, made her home at Stapeley Hall, 6300 Green Street, Philadelphia. She died on April 4, 1959, and was buried in the Chestnut Hill Friends Burial Ground, at Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Now, because it probably will be a while before her quatrain appears again in print, here once more are its four easily remembered lines:

*The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play.* □

remain with her husband, and to become a mother to his younger daughter. Just so, Ibsen himself returned to the cold north of his birth, though he felt himself deeply drawn to the Mediterranean sun.

Wangel says of Ellida that her mind “is like the sea. It ebbs and flows.” The same is true of Ibsen and it made him something very different from the stable, dogmatic and rationalistic moralist he is commonly taken to be. His work ebbs and flows, his plays contradict one another, his duality continues to the end. His most steadfast conviction was what Ellida herself learns: that *one can only be free with responsibility*, and that whatever choice one makes in life one must pay for; free will has its price.

Vanessa Redgrave, lovely in person, idealistic, graceful in manner and movement, enchanting in voice and speech, lacks only one trait to render a complete Ellida: she has no “*lostness*.” To the very end—even after the sensible and right reconciliation to her lot—Ellida must not appear settled. She will wander forever in a mist of profound spiritual uncertainty, wavering between life’s manifold possibilities, all of them perilous. So while Vanessa Redgrave outlines a creditably engaging Ellida, she misses the darkling poetry essential to the part.

Pat Hingle’s Wangel is honest enough, but too literal and stodgy, too much the staid citizen, benevolent but very nearly obtuse. The role requires a modest delicacy, an intuitive and sad awareness of Ellida’s ineffable sensibility and pain. For he himself experiences the bewilderment and mystery of her nature and in his own way shares it.

The Stranger is lamentably miscast in the handsome, almost “aesthetic” looking Richard Lynch. The man should be a lean, bronzed, taut-muscled, hard-grained seaman and not the pretty, white-faced hero of a young girl’s imagination. He must embody the reality of his experience: a sailor who murdered his cap-

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

On seeing Ibsen’s *The Lady From The Sea* (the Circle in the Square) I asked myself why, though it is almost the only Ibsen play with a happy ending, it is so rarely produced. The answer, I believe, is that if it is not to seem somewhat banal it needs very special playing. (Of past performances we hear only of Duse’s magic.) Despite its apparent transparency, *The Lady From The Sea* is elusive.

It is often referred to as the first of Ibsen’s “mystic” plays. Its central figure, Ellida Wangel, harbors a constant yearning for the sea and is haunted by the memory of a sailor to whom she was once betrothed. After committing a crime, he escaped and disappeared. Some years later, Ellida marries a doctor, a widower, the father of two children. He is a kindly, intelligent, in all ways honorable person who offered her security and release from the confinement of the lighthouse of which her father was keeper. The special circumstances of her marriage have left her in a state of disquiet. She has not been able fully to accommodate herself to domesticity. When the sailor, “The Stranger,” who had been thought drowned in a shipwreck, reappears and asks her to leave her husband and go off with him, she is tempted.

The special hold that the Stranger

seems to exercise on her and the peculiar restlessness which troubled her before his return are the factors which have led to the play’s reputation for “mysticism.” But all of its elements are materially and psychologically concrete. Her birth in the lighthouse and her long years of proximity to the sea make life with her husband in a tiny, dull seaside resort, unnatural to her. The doctor’s elder daughter also longs to get away from home to enter the wide world, an indication that there is nothing specially peculiar in this aspect of Ellida’s dilemma.

There is a correspondence between her nature and Ibsen’s. He too sought escape from the backwater of the Norway of his time and left it for many years of exile abroad. He too was a romantic who found intolerable the narrow and retarded middle class of his country. Ibsen’s protagonists are all romantics of some sort, bent on breaking their bondage to the limitations of their condition. They stifle under the external discipline of custom or place. The “miracle” Nora hoped for in her “doll’s house” happens when Dr. Wangel allows Ellida to choose freely between himself and the Stranger, who after the passage of time is more illusion than reality. (He represents boundless freedom.) Absolved from marital constraint, she chooses to

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tain, suffered a shipwreck, and who, seasoned character that he is, goes off alone when he sees that he is no longer desired.

This miscasting is no accident. The play has been directed by Tony Richardson entirely for its surface story and "message," with touches of ill-conceived theatrics as in the sharp dimming of the lights when the Stranger—awesome creature!—appears.

These are not the only reasons why for me the play drew a "blank." The oblong three-sided structure of the theatre diffuses one's view of the play. (The actors seemed remote from where I sat in the center of the house.) The background, a veranda and an arbor, are attractive enough, though behind them is a smudgy wash on a canvas backdrop to suggest sea and mountains. In the foreground are several flat stone mounds, used as seats. As for the rest, the actors are obliged to go up into the "hills" (the aisles) through the audience, which destroys all illusion. If it is held that no illusion is needed, since audiences are prepared to adapt themselves to any scenic scheme the director and designer may choose to employ, why use any setting at all? Here it is a mishmash of elements conveying very little except the inadequacy of the house for this particular event.

Woyzeck is better known among us today as the libretto for Alban Berg's famous opera than as the extraordinary play it is (Public Theatre). It is the work of a youthful genius, Georg Büchner, who wrote it in 1836, a year before he died at the age of 24. If *Danton's Death* is Büchner's masterpiece, *Woyzeck* is his most original play. For *Danton's Death* owes something to Shakespeare, while *Woyzeck* is without precedent in dramatic literature. It is truly a pioneer piece. It anticipates proletarian verism as well as Germany's shrieking expressionism after World War I. It probably influenced the early Brecht and a horde of lesser dramatists throughout Europe. It is moreover an incisive work in its own right.

It was found among its author's effects

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DEFINITION

The word Love slides from our mouths where we misplaced it.

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but found we were only a passage in the dictionary covering intent and current usage.

Archaic examples, corrupt slang: who decides change the author or reader?

We fumble from lust backwards to loss

declaring ourselves both noun and verb

unable to agree on a definition.

Adrianne Marcus

after his death: "an unfinished set of scenes." That is the impression it must have made when first discovered, but I cannot imagine its being made more expressive by amplification or further "polish." The very terseness of its some twenty-six scenes, its unrelieved intensity, its flashes of mock humor, its dagger thrust and bullet speed make any sort of modification not only unnecessary but undesirable. Its very brevity (its performance need not last much longer than a hour) and its very "lapses" are part of its style and content.

The first scene sets the tone and serves as a base for the whole. *Woyzeck*, a simple soldier, is shaving his captain. "Not so fast, *Woyzeck*, not so fast!" the Captain barks, "You're making me dizzy. . . . You always seem so exasperated. A good man isn't like that. . . ." But *Woyzeck* isn't a good man. He has taken a whore unto himself "without the blessings of the Church," and she has borne him a child. "Captain, sir," *Woyzeck* answers, "the Good Lord's not going to look at a poor worm, just because no one said

Amen before they made him. The Lord said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" and goes on with a more fundamental explanation. "You see, Captain—with us poor people—it's money, money! If you didn't have money. . . . Well, you just can't have morals when you're bringing someone like yourself into the world. People like us can't be holy in this world—or in the next. If we ever did get into heaven they'd put us to work on the thunder."

To support his Marie and their child *Woyzeck* subjects himself to medical experiment: he is fed an exclusive diet of peas. He is treated like a dog under observation by the entire medical faculty. The few coins he earns this way he brings home to the woman he loves and the child on whom he dotes. Marie in turn wishes to remain faithful but her hot nature leads her to an affair with a coarse Drum Major who not only cuckolds *Woyzeck* but beats him unmercifully. This is his fate in everything: he is one of the downtrodden the world neglects or scoffs at and under whom the earth trembles. His reaction is murderous: he stabs Marie to death and he is hanged.

All this is told in razor-blade strokes: macabre, obscene and full of anguish which, while it expresses the agony of one man, is made into a universal howl of distress, a raging plaint against the human condition. There is no letup except for the occasional emission of grotesque and drunken laughter or the dispiriting illuminations of low dives and the lurid distortions of street fairs.

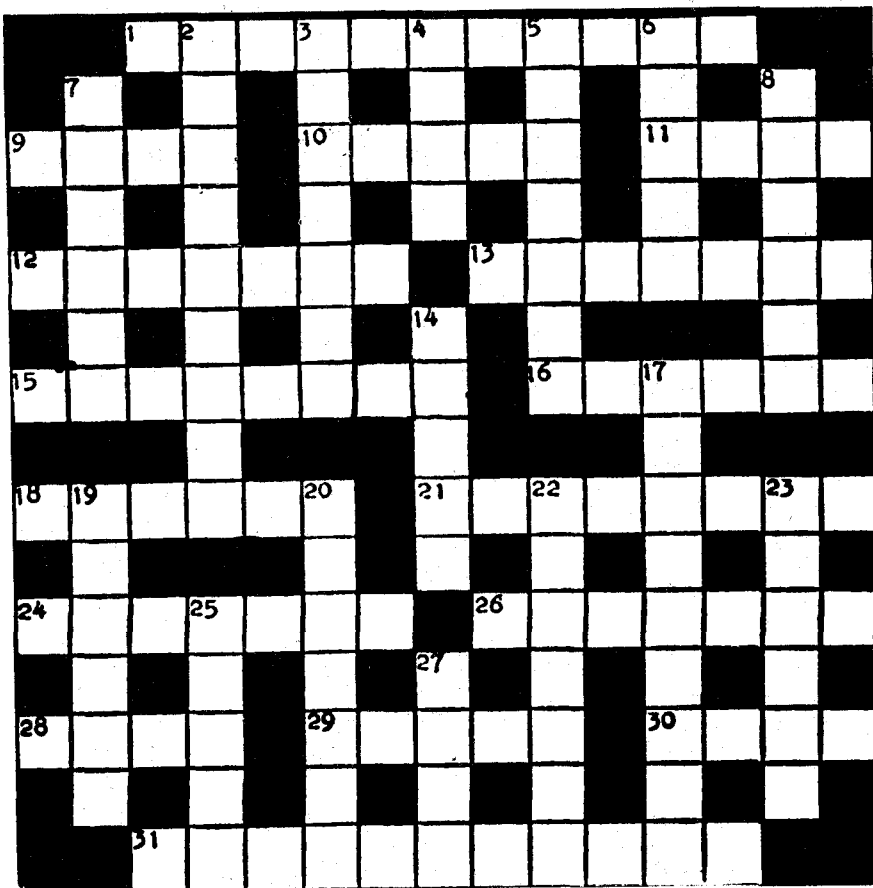
There are many ways this amazing play may be staged. I once saw it done by a provincial German company in a strangely subdued, quasi-realistic manner which bathed all the action in sullen obscurity. There was an oppressive poignancy about it. The more or less young people of the Shaliko Co. under Leonardo Shapiro's direction present the play on a tier of bare wooden platforms in an expressionism veering between horrifically crude vaudeville and impassioned shouting, with all but two of the actors playing a variety of parts.

Joseph Chaikin enacts *Woyzeck* with a make-up of bloodstained deprivation in a fashion which shows marks of Grotowski training. He throws himself into the part with sustained physical and vocal energy of unusual ferocity, versatility and clarity of intention.

Despite the limitation of means at the company's disposal and the general patchiness of attack manifesting more dedication and ambitious purpose than finished execution, the production registers; one remembers it. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1627

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Rather sudden warning concealing the iron cost, according to the ad. (5,6)
- 9 and 10 Last words for such as Galahad, as one hears. (4,5)
- 11 A turkey perhaps used to be a body too small to be divided. (4)
- 12 Via Roma? Not exactly—rather northeast of it. (7)
- 13 Fooled someone with a perpendicular broad front. (7)
- 15 Supporter in an old king's collection of school buildings. (8)
- 16 Swift creatures. (6)
- 18 For a clean sweep, see one who can tell you about it ahead of time! (6)
- 21 Sort of where the partridge was at Christmas? That's clever! (8)
- 24 Butter portion that possibly offers protection. (7)
- 26 See 3 down
- 28 At this place she is possessive, to a point. (4)
- 29 Part of the day one follows with a beautiful and voluptuous woman. (5)
- 30 See 6 down
- 31 An unwitting soccer player might get such an admonition to hit the ball. (3,4,4)

DOWN

- 2 and 25 It might offer a solid squeeze, despite

the source of power. (9,5)

- 3 and 26 Marathon story, as it happens. (7,7)
- 4 Finds fault with the poor horses. (4)
- 5 Completely big-hearted plaything. (7)
- 6 and 30 Some kidding around to measure this bird! (9)
- 7 Alternatively, coming up to a couple of small establishments shows style. (6)
- 8 Conducted inside, also made for the city. (6)
- 14 You have to take a lot of interest in this business, or it won't exist. (5)
- 17 Damage done to a bent coin on a thing one might play. (9)
- 19 Cut and copied again? (6)
- 20 Most of the early surrounding could never be considered ethereal. (7)
- 22 Good fellow altogether proper like this? (7)
- 23 Arabian Nights' Home Guard? (6)
- 25 See 2 down
- 27 The habit, in part, of one traditionally on her toes. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1626

ACROSS: 1 Aurora Borealis; 8 Tessellation; 10 Outbalance; 11 Plan; 13 Arabic; 14 All at sea; 16 Tethered; 17 Eddied; 19 Sang; 20 Forecastle; 22 Little wonder; 23 Criminal lawyer. DOWN: 1 Art for art's sake; 2 Rosetta stone; 3 Reexamined; 4 Ballad; 5 Reticule; 6 Avon; 7 Standard bearer; 9 All Saint's Day; 12 Mandragora; 15 Begotten; 18 Repeal; 21 Film.

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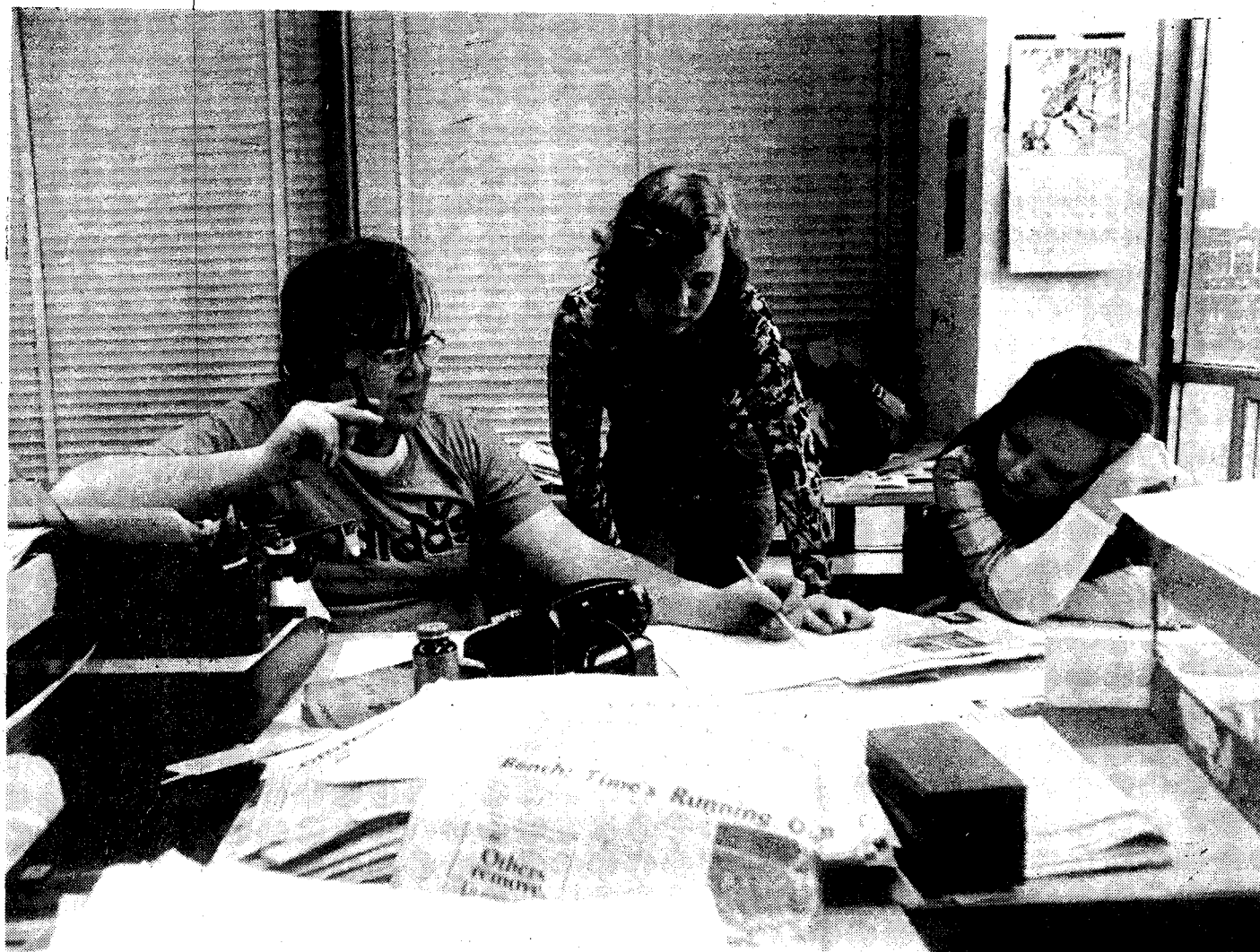
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